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The Week

AT the first session of the Geneva Conference, differences developed among Great Britain, Japan and the United States with respect to the further limitation of naval armament, but it does not look as if the three governments have started so far apart that they cannot in the end reach a tolerable agreement. The chief essential to an agreement is willingness on the part of Great Britain to apply to auxiliary naval craft some ratio of limitation analogous to that which, in 1921, she agreed to accept with respect to capital ships. President Coolidge called the Conference for the purpose of negotiating such an agreement, and, if it is not reached, the American advocates of a big navy would, according to the prevailing standards, be able to put up a clear case in favor of a generous program of cruiser construction. The restrictive proposals of the American government are not unreasonable or costly for Great Britain. They do not require from the British government sacrifices anything like as expensive as those which the American government voluntarily proposed and accepted in 1921. They do not deprive Great Britain of the additional commerce protection which she has gained by her feverishly rapid construction of cruisers during the last five years. They merely give to the United States the right, if it will, to build and commission as large a cruiser tonnage as that of Great Britain, while they deny to Great Britain the license to maintain, in the event of American competition, her present relative superiority. There is no intention on the part of the American government to take advantage of the right to build to the limit in competition with the British admiralty. It will accept, for the present, its relative inferiority, but it will insist and, according to the spirit of the Washington agreement, rightly insist on maintaining by agreement its comprehensive legal equality in naval power with its British associate.

THE British argue, of course, that it is necessary for them to provide by a disproportionately large number of cruisers for keeping open, during war, indispensable lanes of communication with outlying parts of the Empire and with the sources of their food supply. While it would be absurd to deny the practical force of this argument, the British should recognize that their case is analogous to the case which the Germans advanced before 1914 to justify the threatening scope of their military preparations. Germany, with both an eastern and a western frontier to defend against strong armies, could not, it is true, feel secure without arming to the teeth, but it was also true that Germany could not arm to the teeth without in her turn becoming a danger to her neighbors. In an analogous way, if Great Britain equips her navy with sufficient cruiser strength to protect her own lanes of communication, she will, by virtue of that very fact, in the event of war, place the foreign commerce of the United States at her mercy. Her navy could not, indeed, blockade the ports of the United States, as a blockade was formerly defined in international law, but during the Great War she repudiated the restrictions of the former blockade and revived the right of search and capture practically anywhere on the high seas. At present, in the event of war with the United States,

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she would have the power both to annihilate the foreign commerce of the United States and adequately to protect her own. The American government would be unwise to become apprehensive over this fact, partly because the American people are willing to trust the good intentions of the British and partly because its people could live for a while without foreign commerce, whereas Great Britain could not. But while it is willing to accept a practical inferiority for the present, it has every reason to insist upon a legal equality. As long as a rule of equality is supposed to determine the relative naval power of the two countries, that rule should be maintained in theory in order to leave open, if considered necessary, its possible assertion in practice.

THE forty-fifth session of the League Council ended at Geneva last week in an atmosphere of general gloom. Sir Austen Chamberlain was dissatisfied because he had been unable to obtain a joint warning by the chief powers to Russia, demanding that she stop her propaganda. Stresemann was forced to go home and confess that, because of continuing opposition by Foch and Poincaré, he had been unable to get any reduction in the number of Allied troops in the Rhineland. M. Briand, toward the close of a session in which he had achieved no brilliant success, succumbed to a real, not a diplomatic, illness, and had to hurry back to Paris. Mussolini received word from France and England that there must be no nonsense about any war in the Balkans, at least until the Russian-Polish affair is cleared up. The Poles were alarmed because Great Britain's provocative attitude toward Russia has not been accompanied by any joint scheme for defense in the case of a Russian aggression. They were also indignant because, as they charge, the Germans have been accentuating the seriousness of their quarrel with Russia, in the hope of upsetting the large private loan which Poland is now negotiating in the United States. About the only important power which did not receive a setback of some sort at Geneva is Japan—and Japan has troubles enough in her own part of the world. Her action in sending 2,000 troops into the Shantung peninsula has awakened strong opposition everywhere in China except in Peking. Anti-Japanese demonstrations have been held in Canton, and the effect on her exports to Southern China is likely to be serious.

THE excited despatches about an imminent war in Europe should be taken with at least a tablespoonful of salt. It is true that Russia bitterly resents the sentence a Polish court has given the youthful Russian monarchist who killed Voikov, the Soviet Ambassador. The court sentenced him to life imprisonment but recommended a reduction to fifteen years, which is in marked contrast to the twenty-two political executions in Russia, during the past ten days, of persons charged with varying degrees of counter-revolutionary activity. However, neither country can afford a war at present; and in neither country do the authorities need one to distract the attention of the populace from domestic troubles. To be sure, public clamor sometimes forces governments to make war whether they want to or not, as was the case with President McKinley in 1898. But in Russia there is no public opinion except that which is artificially produced by the Soviet government; and the machinery for its manufacture is still in the hands of the conciliatory Stalin group and not the hot-headed Trotsky and his friends. Left to themselves, we may be fairly sure that Poland and Russia would patch up their quarrel amicably. The question, of course, is, will they be left to themselves?

THE incalculable element in the situation is the Conservative government of Great Britain. By its Arcos raid, which apparently discovered little of importance, and by its rupture of relations with Moscow, it has been responsible for much of the international tension which has recently been so marked. It is primarily responsible for the rise of the new terrorism against counter-revolution in Russia, which has already had such appalling effects. Its actions in the past week have been of the same sort. If Chamberlain had succeeded in his efforts to get a joint note to Russia warning her to behave herself, the Muscovite leaders would have felt well justified in their oft-repeated assertion that England is trying to put a ring of steel around the U. S. S. R. There is even an unofficial but not implausible story that Chamberlain asked Stresemann what Germany's attitude would be toward the passage of Allied troops across her territory to assist Poland in a war with Russia. Presumably, the Baldwin government is not actually trying to bring about a war with Russia; it hopes by its belligerent tactics to frighten Moscow into a milder policy in China and a suspension of propaganda in India and Great Britain. Of this policy it can only be said that it seems likely to fail; and that it involves gambling in the most reckless manner with the peace of the world.

ON another page of this issue, a correspondent who signs himself Mulligan MacShane protests with acerbity against the introduction of a Catholic ceremony into the parade with which New York City celebrated Charles Lindbergh's return. The letter itself was not accompanied by any address; and after being written in type, it was signed in pencil. It looks, consequently, as if Mulligan MacShane were a pseudonym which some anti-Catholic had adopted in order to relieve his feelings without assuming any personal responsibility for their expression. Nevertheless, we have printed the letter, partly because it gives expression to a somewhat general feeling, and partly because no daily paper could publish it. But anyone who knows what the world and what reli-

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gion today are can hardly blame the Catholic ecclesiastics in New York for trying to bale out of Lindbergh's ocean of popular credit a few quarts of holy water for the beatification of their own particular organization or cause. Every other individual government, society or cause which had enjoyed a chance had done it. Why not such a modest and unpretentious little religious fellowship as the Catholic Church? The Methodists, the Christian Scientists, the Presbyterians, the Church of England and the other Protestant sects allowed the Catholics to capture the whole show. No wonder Protestantism is steadily losing ground.

NO more gorgeously absurd spectacle has been seen in years than that of Chang Tso-lin being solemnly declared dictator of Northern China, and "Generalissimo of the Forces for the Suppression of Communism." Everyone knows that the Manchurian war-lord has been the dictator for a long time; and everyone knows, also, that his position is today far weaker than it was twelve months ago. Frightened by the Southern advance, he has been trying earnestly to make an alliance with Chiang Kai-shek against the Hankow government; and Chiang, after playing with the idea, has rejected it, presumably because it is better to vanquish Chang than to make an ally of him, and has sent the army forward again, as far as the borders of Shantung province. That Chang Tso-lin can prevent his advance to Peking seems dubious. The Manchurian general has associated with him Chang Tsung-chang, governor of Shantung, and Sun Chuan-fang with a remnant of his troops. But the Northern soldiers have not been paid; the Northern treasury is empty; its depreciated currency is forced on the people at the point of the bayonet.

IN 1919 the American Woolen Company and its affiliated companies established group life insurance for their employees, thus proving that a generous labor policy on the part of employers makes unnecessary protection of the workers by trade-unions and the state. But subsequently the American Woolen Company got into difficulties and changed hands, and, as a result, its group insurance has been discontinued, thus unproving what had before been proved. This incident reminds the American Association for Labor Legislation of the plight of the former employees of the Morris Packing Company, who worked for years under a company pension plan, only in the end to be deprived of its benefits by the demise of their corporate employer. These two are prominent instances of the sort of thing which has happened, or is likely to happen, to thousands of other employees in less dramatic ways. As the Association says, "Public action through legislation is the effective, permanent, and certain method of protecting the industrial workers against the hazards of accidents, disability, old age and unemployment."

What to Do with Capital?

PRESIDENT Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank, recently addressing the National Electric Light Association, adverted to a subject which has been troubling observers of the American economic scene for some time. The great and unprecedented investment of American capital in foreign securities is regarded as a possible source of danger, at least unless a number of our customary practices are changed. Already the annual interest and sinking-fund requirements on our foreign loans are estimated to amount to about a billion dollars. To pay this charge, our debtors must some time remit to us an equivalent value of goods over and above our exports. They could pay in gold if they had enough gold—but we have already absorbed nearly all the gold they can spare without endangering their currency reserves. So far, they have not paid us at all, because we have lent them every year more than the interest and charges which are due. This cannot long continue. We might use the earnings of our foreign investments to reinvest abroad, but that practice would simply pile up the total which would have to be repaid some time in the future, and aggravate the problem.

It is sometimes pointed out that the proceeds of nearly all these loans are spent for goods in this country, and therefore, it is said, we benefit. But how? We do not receive an equivalent amount of goods in exchange. A grocer does not benefit by selling an ever larger amount of goods to his customers by means of a never-ending expansion of their debts to him. So far, we have been merely bestowing upon others a surplus of what we produce over what we consume. An answer returned to this objection is that, in the first place, Europe needs the goods she is receiving, for a revival of her economic life. True, but the question remains, how and by what means she can repay. It is then said that we should restrict, and are to a certain extent restricting, our loans to those made for productive purposes. By enabling Europe to enlarge her production, they will enable her to pay. Is this true? Nobody knows, yet there are serious doubts that Europe's productive capacity is really being enlarged to a sufficient extent. And, as Mr. Mitchell points out, it is impossible practically to enforce any such restriction. A loan immediately used for constructing a railroad may release the same amount of money abroad for building a battleship.

There is thus a danger of loss through failure to repay the loans; but there is also a danger of misfortune through their repayment. Repayment might impoverish Europe. At the same time, a large surplus of imports over exports in America might restrict domestic production and cause depression here. It would certainly do so, if the surplus came about through a rapid falling away of our exports, rather than through expansion of our imports. And if we kept on exporting as much as we

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do now, or a larger amount, while imports grew even faster, everything might be rosy for a time, while we fattened on the surplus production of other peoples. But after we had adjusted our economic life to this stream of sustenance from abroad, it might be cut down through a discharge of foreign debts. Britain is now wrestling with this situation.

Mr. Mitchell therefore turns to the desirability of investing more of our surplus at home. Of course, such a change in policy cannot be brought about by fiat. In a capitalistic order, capital flows where there is most demand for it, backed by credible promises to pay both a return and the principal. Demand has been lacking in this country for a large part of the available supply. As the common term runs, we have an "excess" of investment funds. Why? Surely the consumers want everything which can be made, and the investment of more capital would enable more things to be made. Yet Mr. Mitchell gives the generally accepted observation that "In manufacturing lines we all recognize that the building of plants during the war days gave us an excess producing capacity for peace times."

In other words, the consumers cannot buy (in times of peace) all that the manufacturers can turn out. Only war inflation and the destruction of materials can keep the factories we have busy. This, surely a matter which needs explaining, gets no explanation from Mr. Mitchell. He proceeds to observe, "The opportunities for the use of capital have occurred since then, rather in the way of greater efficiency in production and distribution." For instance, investments in labor-saving plant and equipment. Or, on a larger scale, investments in public utilities, which accounted for 32 percent of the 28 billion dollars of corporate securities issued between 1919 and 1926, inclusive, 37 percent of those issued in 1926, and 46 percent of those issued in the first quarter of 1927. Part of this money is going into large-scale electric power, which by supplanting local coal and steam plants increases efficiency. But Mr. Mitchell does not appear to ask why it is that, when existing plants cannot sell all they can produce, there is a demand for capital for devices and services which render them able to produce more in a given time.

The suggestion Mr. Mitchell throws out for further use of capital at home is that it could go into railroad stocks and bonds. Though, in the last five years, the utilities have sold over 7 billions of securities, and the industrials nearly 10 billions, the railroads have issued only 3 billions. Moreover, though many of the railroads are prosperous, the lion's share of these issues has been of bonds rather than of stocks. How could the railroads use more money? This seems to be in large part still a mystery, since Mr. Mitchell speaks with disapproval of the rule of the Interstate Commerce Commission that, before an issue can be approved, the carrier must show in detail how the proceeds are to be used. Get the money when you can, he advises, and use it later. He does suggest certain concrete uses such as consolidation, automatic signals, unified terminals, and modernized locomotives, rolling stock and equipment. But many of these can be rendered profitable, he intimates, only through higher rates.

If Mr. Mitchell had analyzed more carefully the questions underlying the first part of his discourse, he surely would have perceived the unsoundness of his recommendations for relaxation of oversight by the Interstate Commerce Commission over capital issues, and for higher rates. The first would, through encouraging inflation of railroad capital, tend to place a heavier burden on shippers and travelers; the second would immediately cost them more. Yet why is our industrial plant over-equipped? Only because the consumers have not enough money to buy what it can produce, at current prices. Why has there been a demand for devices leading to greater productivity? Only because these devices reduce costs of production, thus rendering easy lower prices and putting their possessors at an advantage in bidding for the consumer's dollar. If more money is to be put into railroads, it can be of ultimate benefit to them and the nation only if it leads to new and better facilities, rather than merely to heavier obligations to investors, and only if those facilities can be used. And the facilities can be used only if they lead to lower, not higher, rates, or at least to better service at the same price.

We tentatively suggest that if the American surplus is to be kept at home, the only creditable use of it, ultimately, is to increase the welfare of the population. We suggest that, in profit-making enterprises, the only way in which this can be done is either sufficiently to lower prices or sufficiently to raise the incomes of the bulk of the consumers, or both. We suggest that the opportunity to do this inheres in the existence of the large profits which give rise to the excess of capital, and in the never-ceasing stream of better technical devices and methods. We suggest that, in so far as lower prices and higher wages fail to turn the trick, it would be well for the governments, national and local, to take the surplus funds in the form of taxes, and to use them for directly enhancing the welfare of the population by subsidizing the farmers, or by undertaking unemployment, old-age, sickness and other social insurance, or by increasing the "free income" of the people, with parks, libraries and a thousand other public undertakings, or by caring for posterity through forestry and other attacks upon waste of natural resources. Surely this is better for everyone —including business men themselves—than to bemoan the existence of excess capital (in reality a large economic surplus), or to invest it in worthless and embarrassing foreign securities, or to put it into new profit-making enterprises at home in a way that is expected to increase the incomes of the owners, and hence the supply of capital, without increasing the real incomes of the consumers, or the demand for the products of capital.

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"Red Terror"—the Soviet Answer to the West

IT is no mere coincidence that the new outburst of "Red Terror," after a lapse of years, should have occurred in Moscow at a time of renewed tension between the Soviet government and the western powers. The political significance of the revived frightfulness is by far its most important aspect. The domestic policy of the Communist dictatorship bears a definite relationship to Moscow's political standing with the outside world. The cruelty and the ruthlessness of the dictatorship is in direct proportion to the consideration or the lack of consideration which the Soviet government is accorded abroad. The reins are relaxed at the Kremlin when its diplomatic and trade relations prosper; they are tightened when it encounters reverses.

A rapid succession of reverses followed the rupture by the British government of its diplomatic and commercial intercourse with Russia. France, Italy and Germany, through their official and semi-official spokesmen, warned the Soviet government against the activities of the Communist International which they have hitherto tolerated. In the light of the ominous step taken by His Majesty's Government, these warnings naturally assumed a sinister meaning in Moscow. Then came the assassination of the Soviet Ambassador in Poland, and immediately thereafter, the bombing and assassination of Communist officials in Leningrad, Minsk and elsewhere. The Soviet government proclaimed a state of "counter-terror," and inaugurated a series of wholesale executions. An inner logical sequence links these events into one fatal and sinister chain. A study of the records of the Russian Revolution reveals four interdependent stages in the internal reaction on the Bolshevist dictatorship, of the vicissitudes in its external fortunes, leading to some startling conclusions as to the responsibility of the West for the persistence and the intensification of the rule of terror in the Soviet republic.

The first condition is, of course, the internal weakness in the Bolshevist state. This weakness is due at times to internal political dissension, such as factional strife within the governing Communist party, or to economic difficulties, such as the high cost of living and the utter lack of capital with which to carry on the various reconstruction plans, or to military failures and perils, as in the period of civil war and intervention.

Second, there follows a diplomatic offensive against the Soviet government on the part of the major capitalist powers, whose rulers perceive in Russia's internal condition an opportunity to end or, at least, to cripple the communist movement at its source. The Kaiser's military invasion of Russia in 1918, before the signing of the Brest-Litovsk Peace, and the subsequent Allied interventionist expeditions at Archangel, Odessa and Vladivostok were prompted by inner Soviet strife, as well as by economic and military disabilities.

Third, the "White" elements, the avowed monarchists, the dispossessed nobles, landlords and industrialists, are encouraged to launch some "final" attack against the "disintegrating" Soviet rule. The hostile attitude of the great powers immediately surrounds the "Red" structure with a highly inflammable atmosphere which leads to the general belief in the early conflagration of the Bolshevist state.

And fourth, the assumed perils bring about an instantaneous process of consolidation within the Soviet organism. Its leaders seek shelter in military preparedness, mobilization and warlike demonstrations, rigid censorship and a policy of terror. In a word, militant communism revives, for it always is a child of the blind forces which, by seeking the destruction of Sovietism, invariably succeed in reënforcing its powers of resistance.

Considering these monotonous revolutions of the Bolshevik wheel of destiny, the Moscow manifestoes which blame the British for the murder of Ambassador Voikov in Warsaw and for conspiracies within Russia are not without a certain historical justification. The assassination of Voikov was at first regarded all over the world as an act of an irresponsible and youthful fanatic, and, therefore, as having no genuine international significance. But the trial, which was held last week in Warsaw, justifies a revision of this judgment. The assassin admitted that he acted upon instructions of a counter-revolutionary organization, of which he was a member. In this connection, it is well to bear in mind that Warsaw is one of the most prejudiced purveyors of news in Eastern Europe, and that some of the leading revolutionary terrorists in Tsarist Russia were students in their 'teens.

It is, of course, absurd to contend, as Moscow has in recent statements, that Churchill and Chamberlain were directly responsible for the assassination of Voikov and for the "White" terrorist activities against the Soviet government. Yet it is, none the less, true that the British Tories are indirectly responsible for these crimes and for the greater crime of provoking the counter-terror in Russia. The several acts of violence against the Communist regime are not merely isolated incidents, although there may be no close connection between the assassination in Warsaw and the bombing in Leningrad.

Have the Western Tories learned nothing about the Russian Revolution since Versailles? When President Wilson, early in 1919, sent to Moscow the Bullitt-Steffens mission, which returned with Lenin's signature to a tentative agreement reducing the Soviet Republic to a small island surrounded by Kolchak and Denikin states, the Big Four interpreted the yielding of Russia as a sign of weakness and a promise of her speedy collapse. By refusing to negotiate, they gave a terrific impetus to militant communism and missed a golden opportunity to undermine Bolshevist power.

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The "Whites" seem to have learned nothing in the past seven years. One after another they walked into the same blind alley. Denikin learned nothing from Kolchak. Yudenitch learned nothing from Denikin. And Wrangel learned nothing from Yudenitch. The knout was their heirloom and their symbol in 1919. So it still remains. It was the scepter of the Russian grand-dukes, and, by their policy, the British Tories are doing their best to restore it.

What is happening in Russia today is but the fateful echo of what happened in Great Britain yesterday. The economic and political weakness of Moscow tempted London to sever diplomatic relations. The quarrel between the Stalin and Trotsky-Zinoviev factions emphasized this weakness, and the failure in China brought it to a critical point. Behold, the Soviet power was about to crumble. It was time to strike.

The Russians immediately inferred the outbreak of a concerted offensive movement in the West against the Revolution. The maneuvers of Chamberlain at Geneva last week, in endeavoring to align the League of Nations against the Soviet Union, indicate that the Communists had some grounds for their suspicions. Of course, they must needs exaggerate the peril for home consumption, especially in view of the fact that the demoralized soldiers of the Revolution are much in need of a motive for reunion, and, of course, the "Red" dictators, ruling, as they do, by means of ruthlessness, are themselves morbidly apprehensive and sincerely believe in the danger of fire even when there is no smoke. The past years have again and again demonstrated the liability of the Moscow dictators to the same kind of panic that has haunted the minds of all rulers who live by terror.

The psychology of the "White" Russians is strikingly similar to that of the "Reds." The latter retain dictatorial power because of a profound feeling of insecurity. The former regard themselves as temporary exiles, and insecurity is the keynote to their existence. Biding their time for the "inevitable" downfall of the Soviet government and the return of the monarchy, the scattered remnants of the Kolchak-Denikin-Yudenitch-Wrangel armies are anxiously watching the skies for the first signs of the expected counter-revolution.

When Moscow shrieks a warning of a united capitalist attack against the citadel of Sovietism, the first to welcome the news and echo it throughout the world are the monarchist agitators. From Helsingfors to Belgrade the counter-revolutionists begin to stir. When the British government breaks relations with the Soviet Union, the Romanoff grand-dukes and their followers see in it the prophecy of its doom. Inevitably, an ultimatum by Curzon is followed by the assassination of the Soviet envoy in Lausanne, and a severance of relations between London and Moscow is interpreted by the "Whites" as nothing short of a declaration of war. Downing Street aroused the fanaticism of the youth who shot the Soviet Ambassador in Warsaw.

The deplorable climax of the episode is the revival of the old melodrama in Moscow. Militancy returns to the saddle. Obliterated are all theoretical differences, and stultified is the peaceful development of the Revolution along the difficult but unavoidable channels of reconstruction. A reign of hysteria supervenes. All the arrogant, brutal forces in the revolutionary body are mobilized. The execution last week of scores of alleged counter-revolutionists by order of the *ogpu* (the secret service), without trial, is a reversion to the agony and the cruelty of 1919. Not only are innocent lives sacrificed on the altar of the "Red Terror," but the recuperative morale of the Russian people and government is dissipated. But it is equally true that Soviet weakness is turned into strength, unity is substituted for division. A new lease of life to the dictatorship of the Communist party is the defiant response of the Russian people to the attempt to overthrow Bolshevism by violence.

The Newest Innocents Abroad

IT may be true, as the steamship companies mournfully proclaim, that transatlantic travel is not yet up to the 1913 level; but no one would ever suspect this from moving about among the population of these United States, at least on the Atlantic seaboard. Every second member of the middle class whom you meet is sailing at midnight tonight, or next week at latest, or has his hands full of charts of Deck C, or wants to know what the ventilation is like in the renovated steerage, now popularly known as the "college cabin," and sure to resound incessantly with the plaintive call of the ukulele to its mate, from now until October.

If this is, on the whole, an old familiar phenomenon, it has some new aspects. Americans have always gone abroad on personally conducted tours. Horrible as it is to contemplate forty-five days in company of a deaf and rheumatic old lady from Dubuque, it is even worse to think of arriving alone and helpless in Paris, say, at two A. M. of a rainy morning, and running the gauntlet of the *apaches* who, it is well known, wait outside railway stations day and night for the sole purpose of murdering American visitors. But today we see new tours of a different sort. Their purpose is not merely to see Europe, but to understand it. And to understand it means nothing less than martyrdom.

As typical of the new dispensation, let us consider Tour B of the agency of Reddy and Ruff, Inc. Its members will go first to London. There they will waste no time on such well worn objects of the tourist's attention as the Beef-eaters, Westminster

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Abbey, or the changing of the Horse Guards. On the contrary, they will assemble, on the morrow of their arrival, in a lecture hall for the delirious pleasure of hearing an address on "Possibilities of Inter-Colonial Trade" by the third assistant Secretary of the Exchequer. After several other speeches on "Probable Temperament of the Owner of the Piltdown Skull," "English Gardens in June," and "What the East India Company Did for the Orient," members of the party will hurry across the channel to Paris. There they will hear a series of lectures on "French Culture: the World's Mainspring," by *such* a nice young man in the Ministry of Fine Arts, followed by "Notes on Voodoo in French Equatorial Africa," and "The Heavy Industry of Central Europe, 1903-1913."

They will be similarly lectured in Berlin and Rome, and perhaps even Moscow; but Geneva, of course, is the true Mecca of the latter-day pilgrims. There they are addressed to their hearts' content, six times daily, by members of the Secretariat (who are expert tea-drinkers all) on everything from "The Success of the Mandate System," to "The Success of the Aaland Island Settlement," and "The Success of the Vilna Decision."

Not only will the patient travelers hear all these words of wisdom, in the meantime making careful notes, which they will subsequently lose, but they will be given quantities of pamphlets. These will repeat the statements of the lecturers in more detail, with statistical tables added to prove things which, as Moran might say to Mack, wouldn't be interesting even if true. These pamphlets will be carried away by the zealous travelers; and some of them might even be read, were it not for the deplorable fact that the ship's library, on the westward voyage, is so lamentably well supplied with the works of Messrs. Le Queux and Fletcher.

This new tendency to go abroad in the general spirit of a Rotary Club luncheon would be bad enough if it were confined to the elders; but it has spread to the younger generation as well. Everyone knows how college boys and girls toured fifteen years ago. The boys worked their way on a cattle boat and tramped the by-paths of Europe, alone or by twos, with four dollars in the pocket and a hunk of black bread in the knapsack. The girls usually took their parents, and traveled more decorously by rail and steamer; but even so, they managed to see just about everything they wished to.

Nowadays, however, all that has been changed. Cattle boats and parents have both been abolished. The youngsters are traveling in larger quantities than ever before, frequenting the "college cabin" and finding it not so bad. They do their Europe-visiting in groups, some of which are co-educational but all of which are sternly intent on uplift through self-enlightenment. They are met by Representatives of Youth, in the various countries which they visit. They exchange fraternal greetings, listen to speeches, deliver some of their own. They, like their elders, are lectured by government officials, are handed pamphlets, posed in groups on the steps of public buildings for the benefit of photographers. When they get home again, it is whispered that some of the more depraved even Make Reports.

Is there a reason for this remarkable exhibition? No doubt, there are several. For years, Americans have been told that they ought to take Europe seriously, not to say sadly. During the War, and afterward while the treaties were being made, we were scolded heartily for our ignorance of European affairs. This ignorance the new-style travelers are seeking to put to rout. Also, of late we have been taught to regard that continent as a somewhat sinister place, where secret treaties are made and underhand intrigue is always in progress—certainly no spot to be approached light-heartedly and just for fun.

Another factor, no doubt, is just the normal American conscientiousness. We hold all world records for patiently listening to speeches, if we have the faintest reason to believe that they will somehow do us some good—or even if we have not. Consider that unique institution, the Woman's Club! While he may not himself be aware of it, the tourist who contemplates a trip abroad probably feels, deep down in his soul, that it is somehow positively wicked to spend all that time and money just enjoying himself. Becoming a member of a party which will Collect Data, Hear Speeches and Study Conditions seems ever so much more respectable. Well, perhaps it is; and it probably results in no great harm. Moreover, we may console ourselves with the thought that the individuals who go on such tours would probably carry the same spirit with them even if they went alone and heard never an address of welcome. It was they, no doubt, whom one used to see pacing off the interior of the Coliseum in the faithful endeavor to find out whether the guide book had lied about it. Who shall say that they are not equally well employed hearing the terms of the agreements as to traffic on the Danube, which they promptly and utterly forget?

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The Kuomintang

IN writing about the "Canton government" in China, I realize that literally there is no such thing. There is a nationalist movement called by that name which began somewhere, some time, in the minds of political dreamers, and had its early cultivation principally outside of China; which, soon after the revolution of 1911, first took a distinctly Chinese form at Shanghai; some years thereafter established its center at Canton; in 1926 moved northward and made its "capital" at Wuhan (the contiguous cities of Wuchang, Hankow and Hanyang at the confluence of the Yangtse and Han rivers); and then, in 1927, divided into factions, one trying to function at Wuhan and the other at Nanking.

I first heard the name of the Kuomintang (People's Party) in 1912. I was then editing a newspaper at Shanghai, and the word Kuomintang began to appear in the news. Sun Yat-sen had hastened to China when the revolution broke, and after Yuan Shih K'ai appointed him to direct China's national railways program he established headquarters across the street from my office. Occasionally I would go over to talk with Sun, and one day I asked him about Kuomintang. He said it was the beginning of a party system of government in China. Sun was a theoretical republican, and in those days he believed in the party system of conducting republicanism.

Kuomintang is the senior political party in China. Every other so-called "party" or clique or faction that has sprung up since the revolution is an imitation of it. But while the others went along for a while and then disintegrated, it survived. I believe this is because Kuomintang originated with a cogent political concept, while other groups merely seized the "party" idea as a method to offset Kuomintang and to further private interests and designs by casual combinations.

Kuomintang quickly aroused the antagonism of Yuan Shih K'ai, who seemed to sense its hostility to his notions of carrying on the government. Yuan was a statesman, but, while for his day he was liberal and progressive, at heart he was a believer in monarchy as the better form of government for China in this stage of her political evolution. Yuan helped to overthrow the Manchus because of their decadence. He espoused the republic, not because he thought it practicable for China then, but because it was necessary to set up something. It is interesting that today most foreigners in China think that Yuan was right, and had his ideas been followed the reformation would have had a smoother course and might have avoided the abyss in which the country now is floundering.

The hostility of Yuan Shih K'ai to Kuomintang and his fear of its concept was soon revealed. There was the assassination of one Sung, a Kuomintang leader, at the railway station in Shanghai. Kuomintang accused Yuan of instigating that act. From that day the party was hostile to Yuan and to all the Peking regime stood for. For years it was proscribed. Soon after Sung's death, Sun Yat-sen remarked to me that the revolution never would be completed until the capital was removed from Peking and restored to its former place near to the heart of the nation. That idea has imbued Kuomintang since then.

One must skip to get even an outline of Kuomintang's evolution in a short article. The story of its progress so far can be put in three stages: inception and the early phase of the Canton independent government; the injection of communism with its accompaniment of Russian influence; the northward advance and the present disruption.

The World War gave Kuomintang its first opportunity to stand out openly. Yuan Shih K'ai's government became so engrossed with external pressures on it, strengthened by the War, that it was unable to exert its authority in some parts of China. Sun Yat-sen, who had been for a while in exile, reappeared at Canton, where he rallied Kuomintang, and they formed a government that declared its independence of Peking. For some years thereafter, although Canton carried on in a more or less independent way, its government was not taken very seriously, and it was generally thought that, when Peking got fairly free of international complications, the Kuomintang regime either would be brought back within the government's control or would be suppressed. It was not then considered a definite rupture, but something like a family row. Meanwhile, Peking, most of the time, overlooked the rebellious attitude of Canton. The foreign powers took that position also, and ignored Canton's efforts to obtain "recognition."

During that period, the political aims and methods of Kuomintang were comparatively moderate. No drastic policy was proposed. Sun Yat-sen and a group of rational reformers dominated the scene, and their efforts and ideals won sympathy in Europe and America. The position of Kuomintang before the Chinese people and before the world was improved, because futile efforts were being made to revive the monarchy. When the War ended and the peace conference came on, the position of Canton had become so definite that it was invited to attach representatives to the China delegation sent to Paris.

For some years there has been no serious effort of the Peking government or of any faction opposed to Kuomintang to overthrow the Canton regime. The Northern leaders have been harassed by international questions, and more and more were en-

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grossed with the evolution of Tuchunism, with its internecine struggles for place and power, which gradually absorbed the vitality of the Peking government. Until the injection of Russian influence, Canton's only real danger was internal. But the party showed an amazing vitality and continued to develop. As years went by, its practical administration fell into the hands of younger men, among them C. C. Wu, C. T. Wang, and Sun Fo, a son of Sun Yat-sen.

In the years 1921-25, Canton progressed. It organized an intelligent propaganda at home and abroad which pictured Kuomintang as the embodiment of new China. Sun Yat-sen, already becoming a legendary figure, was interviewed by every casual writer who came to China. There was a good deal to give hope for China in what could be seen at Canton. Compared with the atmosphere of futility pervading Peking, Canton seemed alive and purposeful. Sun Yat-sen's intractability and growing delusion of omnipotence was an obstacle to progress at times, but efforts to retire or eliminate him always failed. Some able Canton administrators fell under Sun's displeasure and were expelled. Others became discouraged and hearkened to enticements from Peking. Few of these renounced Kuomintang. They set up the doctrine that loyalty to Kuomintang does not require allegiance to one particular government or administration and that the party's principles and aims are general. One can see now that those defections, instead of weakening Kuomintang, carried its doctrines into the North and implanted them there. The party lost its sectional complexion. Those secessionists from Canton, some of whom took high office at Peking, paved the way for Sun Yat-sen's visit to that city in 1925, and were instrumental in making Kuomintang into a real national party.

The influence of Soviet Russia at Canton began to be noticed in 1923, but it did not become clearly evident until the following year. It was then that Sun Yat-sen admitted Communists into Kuomintang, against the advice of many of his associates, some of whom left Canton on that account. Sun had found the labor elements useful in applying the "economic weapon" to Hongkong, and when they were organized into what was named the Communist party, he thought it good policy to take them in. From that time, the C. P. (as they are termed) became a destructive force within Kuomintang. The party divided into "Right," "Center," and "Left" groups, the C. P. being the Left. Slowly the Right Wing was pushed aside. Its leaders went into retirement, or drifted to Peking, and a struggle between the Center and Left for control of the party commenced. Sun Yat-sen was caught between those forces, and went to Japan on "vacation" early in 1925. The man was breaking under the strain. Then an odd thing happened. The work of those former Canton supporters who had gone North bore fruit, and Sun was invited to Peking. He went, and there was every indication that, if he wished, he could become the head of that shaky government. But his enfeebled body hardly could support the fatigue of the formal ceremonies of his reception, and in a short while he died.

After the death of Sun Yat-sen, the fight among factions in Kuomintang continued. The Right Wing virtually was eliminated and the issue was between the Center and Left. Led by a young military man, Chiang Kai-shek, the Center got control, and the extreme C. P. leaders were given "vacations," which some of them chose to spend at Moscow. With them went Borodin, principal Russian adviser to the Canton regime, and there was an exodus of radicals from Canton.

For a few months early in 1926, there was a revival of progressive activity and hopefulness at Canton. Disorderly elements were curbed. The labor unions which, affiliated with the C. P., had been an unbridled power, were put under restraint. Many observers thought that Russian influence was expunged. Efforts to compose the quarrel with Hongkong promised good results. Reason and moderation came to the fore again. Canton saw a new and grander opportunity. Kuomintang propaganda in Middle and North China, given impetus by Sun Yat-sen's visit and death and the popular deification of his memory and doctrines that followed, gained a firm foothold in what previously was "enemy" territory.

After the Washington conference, the political issue now known as "recovery of China's national rights" and expressed in demand for revision of "unequal treaties," took form. I do not know who its protagonist was, but it quickly was appropriated by Kuomintang and made a slogan of its appeal for nationwide support. About then the "political section" of the party and its agency, the "propaganda section," got organized and into operation. (Kuomintang owes that to its Russian advisers.) The propaganda was so effective that today there is no Chinese of any prominence, North or South, who dares to oppose the "recovery of national rights" policy. It was that propaganda (aided by stupid diplomacy and inertia of western powers) that aroused and inflamed the Chinese mass psychosis which is now termed anti-foreignism and, perhaps for the first time, created among these people an intelligible patriotic motive. On the crest of that propaganda, the Kuomintang armies moved northward, and in a few months occupied the Yangtse valley and delta without fighting an important battle. Observers who calculated that campaign in military terms were dumbfounded by the outcome, which sent a panicky thrill as far north as Mukden.

But in leaving its birthplace, has the "Canton government" wrought destruction to itself and to its progenitor, the Kuomintang?

While Chiang Kai-shek and his adherents were planning and preparing for the advance northward,

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the C. P. leaders quietly began to return from their vacations. With them came Comrade Borodin. Chiang and the Kuomintang Center were placated adroitly with needed funds, munitions and supplies, promises of further help, and the services of a competent Russian military staff. General Chiang apparently did not fear the C. P., or, at least, thought they could be managed. He was absorbed with the enterprise ahead of him, the long-planned invasion of the North. One thing he did not foresee. Hardly had his army taken Wuhan when the C. P. group left the uncongenial atmosphere of Canton and appeared on the Yangtse. Engaged in a campaign, Chiang allowed control at Wuhan to pass to the C. P. while he was occupied to the eastward. His outspoken protests at their actions were unheeded, and in turn the C. P. denounced him as a traitor and a counter-revolutionist. With that fire burning fiercely behind him, Chiang pressed on, took Chekiang and Kiangsu provinces, with Shanghai and Nanking, and then paused to consider the situation.

With few exceptions, the outrageous manifestations of anti-foreignism in China in late years occur in sections where Kuomintang influence predominates, and are instigated by the Left Wing, or C. P. The scarcely less than insane acts of student and labor bodies, desecration of churches and other ugly phases of the anti-Christian movement, occupation and looting of hospitals and schools supported by foreigners, murder as an economic argument, mob action for political ends, all are distinctly traceable to the C. P. It is believed that attacks on foreigners at Nanking were ordered by C. P. agents there, who on that occasion wore uniforms of the Cantonese army, and, among other things, the outrage was designed to implicate General Chiang. In short, the C. P. joined Kuomintang with a purpose to use it as a means to bolshevize China. To some extent they have succeeded.

It has been plain for some time that Kuomintang must discipline the C. P., expel it, or succumb to it. The Right, being a minority of the party, could do little. The Center represents the majority, but it hesitated to break with the Left (and with the Russians) in the midst of the campaign northward. The Center and Right contain probably four-fifths of Kuomintang's intellectual effectives and all stable Chinese elements of the party. After the Cantonese took Wuhan, the C. P. made a tactical error. Its leaders and Russian advisers concentrated there, leaving Canton and other places comparatively free of them. That may be its undoing. When Chiang Kai-shek broke with the C. P. openly, strong sympathetic reactions toward the Right occurred at Canton, Shanghai, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo and Hangchow.

Since Kuomintang obtained an administrative foothold at Canton almost ten years ago, it has at times conducted the best government in China, and at times perhaps the worst. Wuhan under the C. P. is considered the worst government China has had in modern times. Expenses of the campaign in the north drained the treasury, and Kuomintang now exacts contributions as ruthlessly as any northern Tuchun ever did. Its lesser officials "squeeze" without compunction or shame. One is not surprised that many impartial observers predict its failure and disintegration.

The strength of Kuomintang never has been in arms, and cannot be estimated in military terms. It developed by the force of an idea—the concept that China can be regenerated and united by Chinese themselves, that civil authority should be supreme, that welfare of the people is the first duty of the State, and that foreign infringements on China's sovereignty shall be removed. Its leaders can make innumerable mistakes and blunders, and the party can still live, if it adheres to its original principles. Its membership includes perhaps four-fifths of the Chinese intelligentsia, many of whom hold office at Peking and in *yamens* of the Tuchuns. The youth of the nation are with it.

Kuomintang will work no miracles. But the "governments" it sets up are as stable as any in China. It seems the most promising political force in this country today.

Shanghai, China. THOMAS F. MILLARD.

Boston's Civil War

BOSTON has been profoundly stirred by the Sacco-Vanzetti case. To an amazing degree, the city is at present absorbed in, and obsessed by, this affair of two Italian radicals, a fish peddler and a factory hand, who have been sentenced to die in the electric chair during the week of July 10, for a murder which they almost certainly did not commit, and after a trial which, beyond any shadow of a reasonable doubt, was unfair.

The subject has occasioned a controversy of extraordinary bitterness; for a parallel, one must go back to the Dreyfus case, which this one, indeed, resembles. In American history, perhaps nothing since the slavery dispute before the Civil War has created such violent differences of opinion among persons who would ordinarily think alike. In two Boston clubs, to my knowledge, and probably in others, members have been forbidden by formal rule to talk about the "S-V affair." In these organizations, opinion is against the two Italians by at least twenty to one; but even so, the arguments have been so acrimonious that it was felt necessary to prohibit them. Families have been divided; business partners disagree, and always with passion. No one seems capable of being lukewarm about the affair. Which, I submit, is as it should be. For it is a serious business, this putting to death of two men who, almost beyond doubt, are innocent, merely because, at a time of great popular hysteria, they happen to become living symbols of opposition to "God, country and property."

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On the whole, the upper strata of the social layer-cake in Boston support Judge Thayer, and demand that Sacco and Vanzetti shall be put to death without more ado. It is impossible, of course, to offer any statistics in support of this statement. Certainly there are many honorable exceptions, individuals who have come forward and put themselves on record—sometimes at great sacrifice—as believing that the Italians did not have a fair trial. I have been told by one observer that the leaders of the bar, for example, are divided about equally; but all the other evidence I have been able to gather makes me believe, on the contrary, that those who do not want the sentence disturbed constitute an overwhelming majority. This is probably also true among the lower middle class. Its members are likely to take their opinions, in a matter of this sort, from their employers or from some industrial or financial leader whose views they may chance to see published in the newspapers.

Among the workers, opinion in general favors Sacco and Vanzetti, though it is not unanimous. All the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor are solidly behind the defense, and have furnished invaluable aid, financial and moral. The Italians are also supporting their fellow countrymen, and this is true even of most of the Boston Fascisti, who let consanguinity override their political disagreement with the anarchists. Were it not for the faithful support of a small group of Italians, most of them radicals, the chances are that Sacco and Vanzetti would long ago have gone to the chair. It was this group which organized the defense, and contributed the funds to carry on the fight, long before most of the American liberals knew anything about the case.

While, as I say, I cannot prove that the sentiment against Sacco and Vanzetti controls a numerical majority of the upper class, that it is tremendously powerful I can show by several pieces of evidence.

There is, *item,* the fact that the Harvard Law School drive for funds has been handicapped because of activities of some of its faculty in seeking to have the trial reviewed. The handicap, I am glad to say, has not been fatal; but it has been serious. (The Yale Law School, whose faculty took a similar position, has also been subjected to what can only be described as attempted terrorization: and this terrorization has come from some of those very leaders of the bar who should be most jealous to safeguard the processes of justice from any taint of unfairness.)

There is, *item,* the overwhelming demand that "outsiders" shall not interfere in the case, a demand which comes exclusively from those who support Judge Thayer. On the day that I arrived in Boston, for example, Mr. John C. Hull, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in an address at a banquet of "best citizens," voiced what he said is the state's demand of all outsiders: "We would respectfully ask you to mind your own business." Whereupon, according to the newspaper reports, the 750 persons present leaped to their feet and burst into a storm of applause. Shortly before this, the Braintree Board of Trade wrote to Governor Fuller: "We are opposed to outside agencies and influences interfering with the liberties and institutions we enjoy." Numerous letters have appeared in the press similar to that of Mr. Alfred S. Hewins, who observed in the Evening Transcript: "To what a pass have we come in the Commonwealth if we cannot say who is guilty or who is not guilty of breaking the laws."

There is, *item,* the fact that most Boston bookstores do not display the volume by Professor Felix Frankfurter, of Harvard Law School, which tells the story of the case. They have it in stock, and, if you ask for it, they will produce a copy for you, but the stores I visited did not have it anywhere in sight, and I am advised that this is true of most of the others. Yet, if public interest were the criterion, these stores should display nothing else.

There is, *item,* the refusal to permit children in the schools to discuss the case. On the same day that Mr. Hull made his speech, Miss Sarah McGrory, a teacher in the Brockton High School, achieved a temporary fame by declining to allow those sheltered darlings, her pupils, to hear a debate on the subject. This was on the ground, so far as I can gather, that the whole matter is "low." The headmaster, one Lewis E. Rye, supported her action.

There is, *item,* the punishment the community inflicts, when it can, on individuals who become identified with the unpopular view. This is a matter which cannot be discussed adequately within the limits of a brief article; and it deals with personal experiences which are not appropriate for public recital. But a sufficient number of incidents has been related to me, in confidence, amply to warrant the statement that, where it is possible to penalize an individual for taking the "wrong side," the screws have been put on.

Among the sufferers are not only attorneys and other practitioners of the professions, dependent on the good will of clients, but some newspaper men whose views are at variance with those of their journals. One case of this sort will suffice to point out to my readers a situation which, after all, is far from unique in American journalism. An important Boston paper assigned one of its men to make a careful investigation of the whole case. This he did, and came out convinced not only that the two men did not have a fair trial, but that they are completely innocent. He communicated his findings to

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his paper—and was promptly assigned to other tasks. Since then, everything written for that journal on the Sacco-Vanzetti case has been the work of other men, uncorrupted by any intimate knowledge of the facts, and has been unfavorable to the Italians.

There is, *item,* the muzzling of the press in general, a matter so important that it warrants discussion in some detail. I am not so naïve as to suggest that somebody higher up has actually told any editor to oppose a review of the case. Anything so crude as that almost never happens. What has taken place is that the editors, sensing the drift of community opinion, have (perhaps in some cases unconsciously) drifted with it.

I have read, in the past few days, every line printed in every Boston newspaper on this case since it became a burning issue with the news of the Supreme Court's final decision; and all important items for some years before that. It is an interesting, if somewhat melancholy, experience to note the progressive timidity in the tone of the editorial comment of most papers, as public feeling has grown more bitter. Almost equally striking is the decrease in quantity. Throughout the case, all the papers have printed the day-to-day facts, with, so far as I could judge, accuracy and fairness, although, repeatedly, items which seem to me of high news value have been buried on a remote inside page, have been written with utmost brevity, and printed under headlines so quiet (for Boston) as to be almost speechless. It is with editorial discussion, however, that I am here concerned. Of that, there has been amazingly little, in view of the overwhelming interest in the case. News articles have outnumbered editorials fifty to one.

When the famous affidavits were made public, charging Judge Thayer with prejudice, most of the papers refrained from any comment whatever. The appointment of Dr. Lowell, Dr. Stratton and Judge Grant as an advisory board was greeted with timorous approval by one or two papers and with silence by the rest—except the Evening Transcript. That paper, which has steadily fought against Sacco and Vanzetti, remarked that "we can see neither reason nor justification for the appointment by Governor Fuller of an advisory commission."

One of the leading papers of Boston, which, in the earlier days of the case, had spoken out vigorously in favor of a review of the evidence, during these critical months has centered its editorial efforts on three things: (a) pointing out to its readers the desirability of reading Professor Frankfurter's article in the Atlantic Monthly for March; (b) urging them to peruse the subsequent debate between Professor Frankfurter and Dean John H. Wigmore of Northwestern Law School in the Evening Transcript; (c) criticizing a cartoon which appeared in Life.

Among the best edited of the Boston papers is the Herald, which has done a noteworthy service in opening its correspondence columns to letters giving every possible view of this famous case. The Herald, as our readers may remember, last year published a ringing editorial entitled "We Submit—," giving an admirable summary of the evidence which showed the desirability of a new trial. This editorial was published anonymously, with the full weight of the paper behind it. It won for its author, Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard, the Pulitzer Prize for 1926. When this fact was announced a few weeks ago, the Herald celebrated the occasion with these extraordinary words:

> When a Pulitzer Prize last came our way three years ago . . . we felt disposed to shout, "All hands up; three cheers." This time the subject is so solemn, involving not only human lives but the larger questions of law enforcement and exact justice, that we refrain from any note of jubilation and merely express our hope that the longer testimony of the years will afford corroboration of the author's view. . . .

This incident is not mentioned with any purpose of singling the Herald out for adverse criticism. That paper has certainly behaved better than most Boston journals. I mention it merely to indicate the unusual character of the social strain which the community is feeling.

If you think of the fine traditions of Boston, of the giants this city bred in other days, it is a saddening experience to visit it now, and see so many sons of the Puritans who are false to their heritage. And yet there are some things to put into the other side of the scale as well. One remembers the dozens of men, the intellectual leaders of the community —college professors, church dignitaries, lawyers, business men—who have come forward and given their time, their money, the weight of their names, at no small sacrifice, in order to prevent, if they can, the unjust death of two men with whom they are in utter disagreement. One thinks of the Italians (and Americans) of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, working long years in their little dingy third-floor room, collecting, penny by penny, huge sums which have been disbursed in the terribly expensive processes of the law. Of men like Professor Frankfurter and Dean Pound of Harvard Law School, fighting steadfastly and skilfully for the honor of their profession against fellow practitioners who would defame its temple. Of William G. Thompson, silver-haired, rugged Yankee, a man as far as possible in philosophy from Sacco and Vanzetti, who has devoted years to a desperate struggle which sneering bystanders pronounce quixotic, that Justice shall prevail. And so one looks again at Boston, with clearer eyes, and perceives that the old Americanism is not dead, after all. Through the murky smoke of commerce, the spark may still be seen, alive on the altar.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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High Water

HOW does it feel to go through an overflow, such as has just devastated the Mississippi Valley from Cairo to New Orleans? What are your impressions and reactions?

Well, that all depends.

If it is your first overflow, you feel shaky and uncertain. You don't know just what will happen, so you rush around and get everybody's opinion on it. After that, you are only scared.

But if it is your second overflow, you tell the wife that you will start making the horses for the scaffolds, tomorrow. We won't get caught this time, like last—No, Sir. Dang the water, anyway. It means a lot of useless, extra work for the men. And it is liable to get here before that old hen hatches, and there's the end of those high-priced eggs.

If it is your third overflow, you feel more or less careless about it. It's a wet country, anyway, you know. Lemme see, it only got four feet in the store last year, and it's two feet yet before it gets on the walk. Ho hum, nothing to worry about at all.

And if it is your fourth one! Say, what's a little water between rivers, anyway? Not a thing, not a thing.

Early Data and Impressions.

Back in 1897, when the Mississippi River made a forward pass into Arkansas, I remember how cordially the timbermen and rivermen welcomed it. For at that time there had been very little farming land opened, and these web-footed boys constituted a majority of the settlers of the St. Francis Basin.

It was about this time that they were completing a small string of inadequate levees, and when one of these broke near Caruthersville, Missouri, I made a three-day trip in a gasoline boat, up Little River to Big Lake, to warn the settlers to get their stock in. Everyone appreciated the good news I brought. They were glad that the levee had broken, for high water meant plenty of work in the timber, at high wages. They could cut and float out logs with no long hauls to eat up the profits. It would be hard to tell where the boundary lines were, and easy to get over on the other fellow, if the timber was worth the risk. There was no suffering, because water is life to timbermen and rivermen. Even the women-folks enjoyed it, because they could get in a boat and go some place, out of the eternal and everlasting mud. It often meant the opportunity for them to get away for a visit with kin-folks over in the Tennessee hills. And that *meant* something to the women.

Yawns at Fourth Overflow.

To a veteran of three major overflows, and speaking as one who has had his feet in all of the big waters of the central valley for the last thirty years, I may say that there remained in the water of 1927 not a vestige of adventure for me.

And there can be no doubt but that the present flood was and is the worst the central valley has ever experienced. But there are many of the old-timers, like myself, who got absolutely no kick out of it. To those who live immediately under the levees, it was more thrilling, unless you had experienced it too often. But even with the levees crumbling, many showed a provoking apathy when relief workers tried to rescue them from their so-called danger. It is hard to stir people, even in a time of crisis, if the "victims" know more about the situation than do those who are trying to stir them. For there is always the possibility that the levees will hold.

Thus it was that many of the newspapers and radio warnings went unheeded in the present flood. Many of the victims had heard too often the cry of wolf. They reasoned that the water wasn't there yet, so why hurry or worry? They did not want to evacuate. To evacuate meant to leave something behind, and sunk-land people, like those who live on higher ground, value their small possessions almost as much as they value their lives. And, another thing, to evacuate is to leave home. Most of us would rather live on a raft, or up in the barn loft with the pigs, than to be high and dry in a strange place among strange people.

When the local rivers begin to swell with the first touch of the yellow water, a thousand Noahs spring into being, and a thousand arks are built over the pattern of the primitive john-boat. There is a quickened demand at the stores for materials, such as lumber, nails, tar and oakum, and, within a day or two, these unpainted boats may be seen sitting in almost every yard. When the waters rise over the streets to a depth where these boats may be used, the young folks convert the avenues into Venetian canals where they ply their bayou gondolas.

Music Box Review.

Music hath charms to soothe and also to infuriate, but a piano in an overflow is a nuisance, not to say a pest. And the crop of them is surprisingly large. Ordinarily, no one thinks of how many pianos there are scattered about over the country. Certainly, the tax assessor's list does not disclose them in their full strength. But let an overflow come along, and pianos are brought to light in many unsuspected places.

These pianos, thus disgorged, are usually carted to some high point within the town, such as the Methodist church, or the high school building, where they matriculate for the term of the wet sea-

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son. The draying fee, of five dollars each way, adds greatly to the suffering of the music lovers.

Debts Are Also Inundated.

High water is a great leveler of debts. In many instances, it washes them away so neatly and completely that they never thereafter come to life. It is extremely hard on instalment furniture, which is sometimes left sitting in the water, where the glue melts and ruin ensues. But it is more or less kind to the Negro and the poor white trash, who owe the storekeeper or the landlord.

This, however, is not as great a fault as it appears, for, in most cases, the tenant farmer and the mill worker live from day to day on their labor, and often several days ahead of it. So when this labor is cut off, they have no means of paying for anything for which they are in arrears. They recognize this fact. Some of them may even be said to welcome it. And most others recognize it too, and bear with the situation. But, once in a while, an angry planter will lay himself open to a charge of peonage, by actions more marked by self-preservation than ethics. But, in fairness, it must be said that such cases grow more rare.

Merchants find it difficult to do business during an overflow. When the water comes in over the floor, the goods must be removed upstairs or put on scaffolding. There can be seen, back of their ready quip and seeming indifference, the uncertainty and discouragement that lie deep within them. What is to become of them? Well, it doesn't look very good, does it?

The Valley Bread Line.

There is always a vast lot of activity in the way of relief when the central valley experiences an overflow. People, generally, are shocked, and everyone wants to help. The government sends its agents and engineers to view the levees and canvass the situation; the Red Cross sends its field workers to look after the needy; questing steamboats ply through the inundated towns, knocking out plate glass and salvaging household goods and marooned pigs. And in the face of all this good work (and some of it *is* good) nasty-minded people are unkind enough to say that all this activity should have taken place before the levees broke. And they are promptly answered and confounded, as they were in 1897, by the observation that the government won't let such a thing happen again. No, Sir.

Be that as it may, the refugees hail with joy the coming of ration day, when they can claim their D. R. R. certificates, which entitle them to groceries worth about eighty cents per person per week, and sometimes more. And why not? As the refugees say, it all helps out. And food *does* get scarce during an overflow. So not all this charity is wasted, by any means. Even the lady who cares for our weekly wash did not hesitate to leave a two-dollar consignment sitting on the back porch, while she swelled the bread line. And again, why not? For she was able to negotiate $2.85 in groceries in half a day, when it would have taken her all day to do the washing and ironing. 'Twas simply a matter of business with her. We must be fair.

The Four Horsemen.

Just as the four horsemen of the Bible ride with war, so do the four horsemen of the valley ride with an overflow. The first of these is the rain. The other three are the gnats, such as the camel strained at; and the mosquitoes, with New Jersey escutcheons; and the frogs, with a decided French idiom. These make their appearance in the order named. There are times when the gnats are so thick that it is difficult to breathe without inhaling a dozen of them. They get up your nose and into your ears and eyes, and some of them playfully sting you behind the ear.

Next come the mosquitoes. In their early hours they sit in white-winged myriads upon every available inch. Nothing can defend against them. Screens will not turn them, because they flood into the houses when the doors are opened. And the length of their visit depends entirely upon the coming of frost.

The frogs come last. When the water covers the ground, all of the frogs who have reached the courting age congregate in the shallow water in search of Linda Lou and a little close harmony. And their nightly concerto is a symphony that is all-American, and merits a Dvorak to interpret it. Later on, when the water recedes, following the spawning and hatching season, millions of legless young froglets are left to die in the sun-baked mud flats.

Death of the Flowers.

Human life, animal life, and property are not the only things lost in a great overflow.

The flowers also die!

When the muddy water creeps over them, who can know what they suffer?

Were they not born to beauty, to be admired and adored?

And now who will save their delicate pastel shades; the petal softness of their exquisite contours; the fragrance of the incense they so lavishly spilled upon a happy world!

It is sad to watch the death of the flowers. The yellow mustard lifts its proud head above the muddy swirl, only to be dragged down; the shell-pink of the peony is faded and gray; the velvet iris, that delights to grow with its tiny feet in moist places, now feels the suffocating flood above its dainty head; the buttercup and the sweet william lie cold and silent; and a jonquil in its late blooming is left to die alone.

H. J. Krier.

Marked Tree, Arkansas.

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Washington Notes

WHAT has become of those Democratic leaders, some in the Senate, and some outside, who, a few months ago, were so eloquently and earnestly urging both Smith and McAdoo to withdraw in the interests of party harmony? What has become, too, of those profound publicists and political thinkers who predicted another head-on collision between these two "giants" in the 1928 convention, that would again compel the nomination of a compromise candidate? In the light of recent developments, neither class at this time seems exactly inspired. I take no pride in recalling that a good many months ago, when this compromise candidate and dual withdrawal talk was at its height, in this place I pointed out its absurdity and indicated my belief that it would get nowhere. It was merely the age-old effort of the loser to get the winner to call off the fight. It never succeeds, but it is almost always made.

The pretense of the McAdoo candidacy has now been definitely abandoned. The outpourings of his Tennessee press agent have ceased, and no practical politician above the grade of precinct captain believes either that Mr. McAdoo stands any chance for the nomination or that he will have any considerable number of votes. If there is a duel in the convention, he may be somebody's second, but he will not be one of the principals. He has shot his bolt politically, and has now merely a nuisance value, as they say in banking circles. Here in Washington it is accepted as a fact that Mr. McAdoo is through politically in California, and since his latest visit to this city there has been a pretty general belief that he may once more be found engaged in the practice of law in New York City. Already it has been announced that he will open offices in Washington, but I am told, by those who usually know something of his intentions, that New York is likely to be his real home and headquarters.

Four years ago at this time of year he had in motion a high-powered national organization, an extravagant publicity and propaganda machine, large headquarters in Chicago and New York and a good many practical politicians with him in South and West to whom he looked a winner. In addition, he had those two long-limbed, loose and liberal, anxious-for-power-and-a-pinnacle financial agents—Thomas Chadbourne and Bernard Baruch. He had, too, the Railroad Brotherhoods and many labor leaders pretty well lined up behind him and active in his behalf. And he had a considerable number of Democratic daily journals in South and West beating the drums and clanging the cymbals for their champion. Also the Anti-Saloon League and the Ku Klux Klan were supporting him with enthusiasm and solidly.

Altogether he had about as elaborate, extensive and expensive an organization and as formidable a force behind him as any candidate for a presidential nomination has had in my time. And he missed it. They beat him at New York. He crumpled in the end, and, surly, sore and bitterly resentful, went to Europe as soon as he could after the Davis nomination and stayed as far out of the campaign as was possible. No intelligent person has since seriously thought Mr. McAdoo could make another effort as great as that, and it took no particular political vision to see that he could never again approach as close to the prize. It was not, however, as easy to see the complete collapse of his political prospects until after it became known that both Chadbourne and Baruch had left him cold. After that, it was a cinch he would make no fight, as their withdrawal not only made the matter of financing a fight very much more difficult—if not impossible—but it also meant the withdrawal of support and allegiance by several Democratic Senators who control their state delegations, but are accustomed to contributions from one or the other of these two New York financiers in their local fights.

Fully five months ago I stated my conviction that, in the next Democratic convention, McAdoo would not have more than 150 delegates. I do not think now he will have one hundred, and while, beyond a doubt, he will do what he can to prevent the Smith nomination, and, so far as he can, will make the nomination worthless, I have not now—nor have I had for a long time—the least idea that he will be able to prevent it. Many things, of course, may happen between now and next July. Smith may make some break that will put him out—but it is not likely. Or—and this is not likely either—he may get cold feet and decide not to be a candidate. But if he is a candidate, the chances of keeping him out of the nomination are not large. I base this conviction on the very old but wholly sound political axiom that "you cannot beat somebody with nobody."

With McAdoo eliminated and no one in sight to take his place as the dry champion, the opposition to Smith is without a real center. It will apparently be scattered in the convention among a lot of "favorite-son" candidates, not one of whom can be depended upon to stick, as they always claim, "till hell freezes over." Smith on the first ballot will have so vastly more votes than any other candidate that the absurdity of turning him down will be too apparent to discuss seriously. At least, that is the way it appears to me now. I do not know of any Democratic leader of real political grasp, experience and standing who does not believe the Smith nomination probable. Even more significant, though, is the fact that every Republican leader is sure of it. The whole official Republican activity is based today on the idea that Cal and Al are to be the candidates. I agree as to Al. I am not yet prepared to bet on Cal. Conceding that everything points to his renomination and conceding that he is trying to get away with it, and can, if he does not weaken—I still think there is a chance that he may be scared off.

Plainly, Mr. Lowden is going to go through with his candidacy. Plainly, he will have back of him Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin and two or three other western states. What this means is that the noble Calvin will not be able to preserve his attitude of majestic aloofness, nor will the effort to make it appear that he is being "drafted" in response to an irresistible party demand be a successful one. Mr. Coolidge, through the federal machine and the Negro delegates from the South, can, of course, renominate himself. But his pretense of calm unconcern will be destroyed, and he will certainly be shown as scheming for a renomination and using all the power of his office to get it. That would be a particularly unpleasant, uncomfortable, even unsafe

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attitude for a candidate planning to bust the third-term tradition. If Mr. Coolidge finds he cannot escape from that position if he goes ahead, he may decide not to go ahead. It would be like him.

As I write this, he is just getting settled at Black Hills. In a few days the stream of propaganda will gush forth, and we shall have a sweet summer of "human-interest" stuff, showing our splendid President fishing, hunting, playing with the tame bears, and talking crops with the visiting farmers. There will be some lovely pictures both for the movies and the rotogravures. Perhaps three months of this will discourage poor Frank Lowden and he will just give up; but I hope not.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Tower

I

What shall I do with this absurdity—
O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tied upon me
As upon a dog's tail.
Never had I more
Excited, passionate, fantastical
Imagination, nor an ear and eye
That more expected the impossible—
No, not in boyhood when with rod and fly
Or the humbler worm I climbed Ben Bulben's back
And had the livelong summer day to spend.

It seems that I must bid the Muse go pack,
Choose Plato and Plotinus for a friend
Until imagination, ear and eye
Can be content with argument and deal
In abstract things; or be derided by
A sort of battered kettle at the heel.

II

I pace upon the battlements and stare
On the foundations of a house, or where
Tree like a sooty finger starts from the earth,
And send imagination forth
Under the day's declining beam and call
Images and memories
From ruin or from ancient trees
For I would ask a question of them all.

Beyond that ridge lived Mrs. French, and once
When every silver candlestick or sconce
Lit up the dark mahogany and the wine,
A serving man that could divine
That most respected lady's every wish
Ran and with the garden shears
Clipped an insolent farmer's ears
And brought them in a little covered dish.

Some few remembered still when I was young
A peasant girl commended by a song
Who'd lived somewhere upon that rocky place,
And praised the color of her face,
And had the greater joy in praising her,
Remembering that if walked she there
Crowds jostled at the fair
So great a glory did the song confer.

And certain men, being maddened by those rhymes,
Or else by toasting her a score of times,
Rose from the table and declared it right
To test their fancy by their sight;
But they mistook the brightness of the moon
For the prosaic light of day—
Music had driven their wits astray—
And one was drowned in the great bog of Cloone.

Strange, but the man who made the song was blind,
Yet, now I have considered it, I find
That nothing strange; the tragedy began
With Homer that was a blind man
And Helen has all living hearts betrayed.
O may the Moon and sunlight seem
One inextricable beam
For if I triumph I must make men mad.

And I myself created Hanrahan
And drove him drunk or sober through the dawn
From somewhere in the neighboring cottages
Caught by an old man's juggleries
He stumbled, tumbled, fumbled, to and fro
And had but broken knees for hire
And horrible splendor of desire;
I thought it all out twenty years ago:

Good fellows shuffled cards in an old bawn
And when that ancient ruffian's turn was on
He so bewitched the cards under his thumb
That all, but the one card, became
A pack of hounds and not a pack of cards,
And that he changed into a hare.
Hanrahan rose in frenzy there
And followed up those baying creatures towards—

O towards I have forgotten what—enough!
I must recall a man that neither love
Nor music nor an enemy's clipped ear
Could, so he was harried, cheer;
A figure that has grown so fabulous
There's not a neighbor left to say
When he finished his dog's day:
An ancient bankrupt master of this house.

Before that ruin came, for centuries,
Rough men at arms, cross-gartered to the knees
Or shod in iron, climbed the narrow stairs
And certain men at arms there were

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Whose images, in the great memory stored
Come with loud cry and panting breast
To break upon a sleeper's rest
While their great wooden dice beat on the board.

As I would question all, come all who can;
Come old, necessitous, half-mounted man;
And bring beauty's blind rambling celebrant,
The red man the juggler sent
Through God-forsaken meadows; Mrs. French,
Gifted with so fine an ear;
The man drowned in a bog's mire,
When mocking muses chose the country wench.

Did all old men and women, rich and poor,
Who trod upon these rocks or passed this door,
Whether in public or in secret rage
As I do now against old age?
But I have found an answer in those eyes,
That are impatient to be gone,
Go therefore, but leave Hanrahan,
For I need all his mighty memories.

Old lecher with a love on every wind
Bring up out of that deep considering mind
All that you have discovered in the grave,
For it is certain that you have
Reckoned up every unforeknown unseeing
Plunge, lured by a softening eye,
Or by a touch or a sigh,
Into the labyrinth of another's being;

Does the imagination dwell the most
Upon a woman won or woman lost?
If on the lost, admit you turned aside
From some great labyrinth out of pride,
Cowardice, over some silly subtle thought
Or anything called conscience once
And that if memory recur, the sun's
Under eclipse and the day blotted out.

III

It is time that I wrote my will;
I choose upstanding men,
That climb the streams until
The fountain leap and at dawn
Drop their cast at the side
Of dripping stone; I declare
They shall inherit my pride,
The pride of people that were
Bound neither to cause nor to State
Neither to slaves that were spat on,
Nor to the tyrants that spat,
The people of Burke and of Grattan
That gave, though free to refuse—
Pride, like that of the morn,
When the headlong light is loose,
Or that of the fabulous horn
Or that of the sudden shower,
When all streams are dry
Or that of the hour
When the swan must fix his eye
Upon a fading gleam,
Float out upon a long
Last reach of glittering stream
And there sing his last song.
And I declare my faith;
I mock Plotinus' thought
And cry in Plato's teeth,
Death and life were not
Till man made up the whole,
Made lock, stock and barrel
Out of his bitter soul,
Aye, sun and moon and star, all,
And further add to that
That, being dead, we rise,
Dream and so create
The final Paradise.
I have prepared my peace
With learned Italian things
And the proud stones of Greece
Poet's imaginings
And memories of love,
Memories of the words of women,
All those things whereof
Man makes a superman,
Mirror resembling dreams.

And at the loophole there,
The daws chatter and scream,
And drop twig, layer upon layer;
When they have mounted up,
The mother bird will rest
On their hollow top,
And so warm her wild nest.

I leave both faith and pride
To young upstanding men,
That climb the mountain side,
That under bursting dawn
They may drop a fly;
Being of that metal made
Till it was broken by
The sedentary trade.

Now shall I make my soul
Compelling it to study
In a learned school
Till the wreck of body
Slow decay of blood
Testy delirium
Or dull decrepitude
Or what worse evil come—

The death of friends, or death
Of every brilliant eye
That made a catch in the breath
Seem but the clouds of the sky
When the horizon fades,
Or a bird's sleepy cry
Among the deepening shades.

W. B. YEATS.

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15 Beech Street

AMONG the empty streets of Greenwich Village, I could catch the rare saline smell of the river. It was as if, now that the people I knew had gone away to Provincetown and Woodstock, now that their world was shut up for the summer, the waterside had invaded the town. It made me feel rather desolate and, in the hot darkness, through the tangled streets, I made my way to 15 Beech Street. The light in the vestibule was so dim that I could not see the names on the letter-boxes, so I did not attempt to ring the bell. I opened the heavy double doors and walked into the cavernous hall, with its waste of black-and-white linoleum, its steep and forbidding balustraded staircase, its gaunt, square-topped radiator and its disconcerting hat-rack, of which the varnished ebon antlers and tentacles seemed to have been lopped in such a way as to give it the appearance of the still writhing skeleton of some unidentifiable creature and which was framed in an anomalous niche of imitation and putty-colored marble, the setting, at some prehistoric period, for some unimaginable statue or vase.

I climbed the stairs and tramped the vast corridors—of which even the unexpected recessings and the mysterious interior windows (closely blinded from the inside with dusty cast-off cloths) seemed inhuman and inexpressive—of several floors. I had come to see Jane Gooch, but I lingered at other doors. Some had strange cards or no cards, and the names that I knew did not answer. Those high halls, with their dismal lights, with their expanses of stale yellow plaster, with their flat odor of unventilated bathrooms and their monotonous trickle of defective toilets, closed me round with a void of abandonment even more formidable than that of the streets. Well, at least, I thought, here was one house which had not changed since I first came to the Village, which had not been demolished overnight to make room for a cliff of apartments, with electric refrigerators, meals "prepared by imported chefs," and, on the first floor, smart new drug stores, uptown florists' shops and restaurants with current copies of The Spur and Town and Country to read while waiting!

Finally I arrived at Jane Gooch's door and made out that her name was still there, and knocked. She was in! I heard movements at last, ominous-sounding and as if from a great distance. Then she opened the door. She had just been going to bed and received me in a black kimono: the couch had been stripped of its cover and the bed-clothes underneath turned back. It was astonishingly delightful and reassuring, after the blank and empty grandeur of the hallways, to find a being so fine-looking and so spare—as it were, with so sharp a significance. Jane Gooch had the straight back, the lankiness, the hatchet profile and the bold direct gaze of the ranches from which she had come: her eyes were very dark and her black hair, only slightly graying, was parted in the middle: her movements with her cigarette had a certain austere elegance.

I asked her if she knew Rolfe Davis' address; she had given him asylum at one time in the room adjoining hers, as people often did in the Village and entirely without scandal. "Yes," she said, "he's somewhere out West, you know. I don't hear from him much nowadays, but I have a letter from him somewhere." She got up and began going through the drawers of an old mahogany desk. I looked about the room. Though she had to do all her cleaning herself, it had kept the stamp of her sharp outline and her neatness. On the white walls, above the row of bookshelves, were brass candlesticks with red candles in them, an oval daguerreotype of a Wyoming grandfather, a black bowl of red holly-berries, an Alaskan drawing that Rockwell Kent had given her and two pictures of herself—one a painting that gave her green skin and eyes half shut, as if she were already dead, and the other a charcoal drawing. There were also pictures of Joe Livingston, with whom Jane had been in love and who had died of typhoid in Russia; of Chet Keppel, the metaphysical poet and Greenwich Village prophet, who had developed a Messianic delusion and had finally been put in jail for robbing fur stores (he gave all the furs, however, to the poor, and it was one of the projects at which Jane had worked most zealously to get his sentence commuted); and of Rita Fyfe, that amazing girl painter, who was seen in the misty chiaroscuresque photograph with her wild bobbed head thrown back and her long lovely throat revealed, as I remembered I had seen her once, when I had brought her home at night to her house and she had looked for a moment, just before she disappeared into the narrow New York door, like a dryad retreating into her tree: Rolfe Davis had lived with her at one time and she had gone in for male models—first the pretty young drunken poets, then the waiters from the Italian restaurants—and nearly driven him insane with jealousy.

I asked Jane what she heard from Rita and she replied that she seemed very happy with the elderly banker whom she had married. I inquired also what had become of the couple who had formerly lived across the hall; I had been rather in love with the girl at one time and had gone there a good deal, fascinated by the possibility one always felt, in connection with the Village *ménages,* of their breaking up overnight: the elements were so unstable and new combinations formed so quickly. Peggy and Ross had indeed broken up, Jane told me, and both had finally got married—she to the man who kept the Greenwich Village Rendezvous and made enough money to live uptown by selling bad whiskey and gin to people who came from uptown to drink it, and he to a charming little girl (*he* thought she was charming, Jane said) from a very respectable family in Cleveland, who had made her first appearance on the stage as the *ingénue* in some play of Molnar's. Ross had a job now on one of the tabloids and he had had his old Sullivan Street apartment, formerly one of the most fantastic "mad-houses" of the Village, made over for his bride. "It's just like what you read about in the old novels," said Jane, "making a 'nest' for the bride! First nest I ever saw down here! All I ever knew them to do at most was have the bed made the night they got married. And they used to be ashamed of getting married!"

I saw that Jane looked tired. "Oh, don't bother any more," I said. She was going through great packets of old letters which she had excavated from the desk. "I'm sorry I've come so late and kept you up." "Oh, I don't mind at all," she said. "I'm glad to see you, in fact. Usually I spend the whole evening alone." "I thought you saw a lot

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of people," I said, "in connection with The Vortex and the Hole-and-Corner Players." "I do," she answered, "but very few of the old crowd." She was ransacking the lower bookshelves now and had struck the files of the old Worker, which had been dislodged amid a cloud of dust. "How is the New Worker doing?" I asked. "Not so well, I guess," she replied. "They haven't got the spirit to make it go now. When there was Dick Otis and Fred Bullard and Joe, that was different—because they had a Faith. But now nobody has much faith in the Revolution—I haven't myself. I see that Fritz Binney has grown a great big black beard to make him look like a Bolshevik—but it only looks like the Smith Brothers. 'Two owls and a hen, Four larks and a wren, Have all built their nests in my beard!' And so they have—his boy friends that help him with the paper."

I asked how her own magazine, The Vortex, was getting on. "Well, we're planning a big hydraulic number," she said (she always said "we" in connection with The Vortex, though the original collaborators had long since ceased to be active); "that is, as soon as we can raise enough money." (It came out at irregular intervals and in widely varying sizes and shapes.) "Hydraulics?" "Yes: pipes and oil pumps and plumbing fixtures—and all those things. We've got some photographs by Leo Kleist of bath-rooms that are the most marvellous things you ever saw. There's a series—of wash-basins at different angles that looks just like that tomb of the Medicis of Michelangelo's. And then there are some paintings by Jacques Ducran of oil stations—bright red and orange and bright blue and gold—he took them out on the Coast—that look like something Chinese.—Look at this!" She showed me a still life in rich brown and yellow water-color, with a background of dazzling white. "Isn't that luscious? That's a rubber bath sponge and a piece of soap. Of course, people will laugh at us—but we're used to that, and if anything is going to be done to bring the American public to a real appreciation of art—to a realization of the beauty, of the possibilities for beauty, of these things that they use every day—it will have to be done in the teeth of the sneers and ridicule of all the kept art critics of the bourgeois magazines. I believe that if we c[illegible]nly raise enough money to have color reproductions made, we'll be able to put over the biggest thing we've ever done. I saw Max Beaumont yesterday and he promised me half what it would cost, if I could raise the other half. If I could only get the bills for the last number paid!" (The last number had appeared some eighteen months before.) "The printers are threatening to sue me. I'll have to give them my salary this month from the theater. And my own bill collectors wake me up at half-past seven every morning nowadays!" She laughed. "Oh, here it is!" she said, taking a letter out of its envelope. "Oh, that's fine: I'm editing a series of poets and I wanted to try to get something from Rolfe. I always thought he was so awfully good and that it was such a pity he never published a book. He had that real nervous disequilibrium which seems to make the best poets. Things really looked to him as wild as the visions he described in his poetry. It made him a little bit difficult personally, because he was always either frightened and suspicious, or full of delusions of grandeur—especially when he was drunk—and impossible. But life must have been an even worse strain for him than he made it for the rest of us—and when one thought of what wonderful things he wrote, one was willing to put up with anything." "Here's a picture that he sent me," said Jane, taking a photograph out of the letter, "of him and his wife and their cow. Puzzle: find the cow. It was taken to illustrate that article, you know, that he wrote for the Cosmopolitan: 'I Have Tried Free Love and Now I Own a Cow'—or something like that, it was called." "Does it tell his address?" I asked. "Yes," she dictated it to me. "Care of The Weekly Falconer, Falcon Motors, 1192 Penobscot Boulevard, Detroit."

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

A New Slavery

SIR: No side-issue, however important, in the coming presidential campaign, should be allowed to divert our thoughts or diffuse our energies from the main issue. The people of this nation have to decide whether American democracy shall have a new lease of life or whether it shall be replaced by a benevolent plutocracy. It is not the Dohenys, the Denbys, the Falls, that we have to fear, but the activities rather of honest men who mistake "efficiency" for wisdom. It is not malice nor corruption which may destroy our state, but that misguided patriotism which has set up and wants to perpetuate the idol of Industrialism. This, as an economic and social concept, is strangely like Bolshevism, and the very success of Industrialism may, by a natural process of tragic irony, be ultimately devoured by the machinery of post-Marxian Communism.

Against the success of both, American democracy should contend. The farmer, in his much-ridiculed inveighings against big business, has rightly sensed the presence of our common enemy, though neither the farmers nor the rest of us have rightly learned how to subject that enemy to a reasonable process of discipline. One aspect of the pressure of Industrialism against the farmer has been given little attention, or has been regarded with absurd complacency. Before precisely stating the nature of this new pressure, let me state three recent observations which have struck forcibly upon my mind. Last year I heard a speaker sent out from a great university to encourage our farmers. He told them that they must diversify, that they must coöperate, that they must farm intelligently. Then he went on to prophesy, in the smug manner of one repeating a derived idea, that the time was near at hand when the greater part of our farming would be done by large corporations. Note carefully this idea. Corporations, grown honest, will no longer exploit the farmers. They will own and operate the farms. Lately I read an article by Roger Babson, a greater mouthpiece than the nameless extension speaker. He also raised his voice in prophecy that farming would soon be conducted by great corporate enterprise. Lately I read, also, Henry Ford's opinion on the farm question. The farmer, says Henry, wastes most of his time. Other industries should be brought near to him so that he may become, to the fullest possible extent, economically productive.

You can see whither the prophecy of Babson and the desire of Ford are to lead. Their statements do not seem insignificant to me. I also see a vision, which I vastly dislike. I see this Red River Valley transformed into a huge Ford Farm; hired farmers tilling the soil and harvesting crops with the greatest possible economy of time and efficiency of production; interspersion of industries which will keep the laborer at productive work when he is not farming; the marketing problem solved, not by a McNary-Haugen Bill but by the perfect coöperation of a small number of

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farm magnates. This, indeed, would be a smooth and wonderful mechanism, but what of the dignity of American citizens, their rights, their liberties? In defiance of the god of efficiency, before whom no other gods may be served, I maintain that the happiness of the citizen and the happiness of the nation will be better served by increasing numbers of farm owners in farm homes.

Of this trend of the times, farmers and those who ought to share the apprehension are, as yet, hardly aware. If this is a chimera, it is one which is real, voracious, and imminently dire. I submit a single piece of testimony taken from a speech to the National Senate by Senator Gerald Nye. "I want to point out to the Senate this morning, if I may, that in 1910, fifteen years ago, when North Dakota was virtually new, when her resources had hardly been touched, when the whole future was before her —and a very bright future it was indeed—we had 44,000 full farm owners in the state of North Dakota, while, according to the federal census figures for 1925, fifteen years later, we had only 26,000 full farm owners in the state. Fifteen years ago, at a time when the future was so bright before us, we had only 10,000 tenant farmers in the state of North Dakota, while in 1925, fifteen years later, the number had grown from 10,000 to 26,000. Fifteen years ago, only a little more than 4,000,000 acres of our farm lands in North Dokota were operated by tenants. Now that situation is changed, and the number of acres farmed by tenants has grown from 4,000,000 to 10,000,000."

This unfortunate tendency in agricultural development is one of the many reasons why I dread four more years of governmental subserviency to the false vision of American Industrialism. The hold of this benevolent monster is now tighter than ever before. What will it be in four more years of a subservient President, a subservient Congress, a subservient press—and, if the grand scheme works well—a people hypnotized into a non-reasoning complacency? It is hoped by the Republican organization that the farmer, Republican by heredity, may be encouraged during the next year by an access of good crops and then carefully soothed by pretense of legislative favors. It is hoped that the Democratic party may commit suicide by dissension. This hope we can easily disappoint, by allowing no issue, however important, to obscure the major question of excessive tariffs and the growing control exercised by wealth over the functions of popular government. As for the farmer, we can only hope that his traditional adherence to the Republican party may yield to perception of the fact that liberty for himself and his children must be achieved by the destruction of that Mellonism which would make itself politically enduring by a third term for Coolidge.

Wahpeton, North Dakota. F. H. McMahon.

Preposterous ?

SIR: "An unannounced and unexpected feature" of Slim Lindbergh's triumphal progress up Fifth Avenue, said the news item the morning after.

Lindy is taken from his car by the Catholic mayor of New York City at Fiftieth Street to allow a Catholic cardinal, waiting in full regalia in front of his cathedral, to horn in on his triumph and his reception—a thing to which this Catholic cardinal was in no way entitled by any stretch of consideration or imagination. Being himself a member of no Church at all, coming from non-Catholic parentage, it is incredible that even a Catholic in his folly should pull a thing so raw, so contrary to the nature of the boy himself, so false to the boy's own character and personality, so obviously offensive to a non-Catholic America.

France can be said to be a Catholic country, likewise Belgium, and yet he had been subjected to no such unsuspected maneuver against his own integrity over there. No such slyly calculated, secretly contrived gesture of propaganda marred the perfect tribute of those foreign lands. It remained for a Catholic administration in his own homeland, heedless of everything but its own desires, to frame and perpetrate this outrage upon Slim in a non-Catholic America. By whose connivance was Patrick Cardinal Hayes waiting in front of his cathedral for a subject-mayor to subject America's hero, an unsuspecting boy, to this furtive indignity to his own personality, his own integrity? Is this the work of Jimmy Walker, or the work of Al Smith, or both? Can anyone imagine Slim Lindbergh himself endorsing any such feature of his program if he had been consulted in the matter? Not if you know the Lindberghs, father and son! The perpetrators of this shabby trick knew well enough he would never have consented, so they sprang it on him unannounced and unawares.

What a foul blow! What a perfect sample of the sinister, insidious ways of the Catholic psychology, a perfect demonstration of the Catholic Church moving in mysterious ways its wonders to perform, slyly, subtly, covertly. It is a blow from behind that will raise a holy howl throughout the length and breadth of the land, a howl that should reverberate throughout the world.

This is not a matter of mere judgment and taste, incredibly crude as it is. It is a matter of probity and honesty, a matter of character and integrity, a matter of inherent psychology, and those responsible for it should be made known and made to answer for it on the score of probity, character and psychology. America will want to know. And America will have an awful lot to say about this untoward, unseemly offense secretly contrived and slyly executed against her hero son as against herself.

New York City. Mulligan MacShane.

Now, Then, All Together!

SIR: If a man cannot sing, or even recite, more than five lines of "The Star Spangled Banner," should he be sentenced to the New York Workhouse?

Such is the disposition Magistrate Brodsky made of a case in Night Court and, ironically, one arising out of the celebration in honor of that Lindbergh whose father was so often accused of lack of patriotism.

The young man who now has a police record is Joseph Slene, 22, of 11 Vermilyea Avenue. He was arrested, according to newspaper accounts, for failing to remove his hat when Anna Case, the opera singer, sang the national anthem at the City Hall Lindbergh reception.

"I had been standing there since eight o'clock," Slene explained in court. "I was footsore and weary of waiting for Lindbergh to show up, and I was hungry, and besides, your honor, I was afraid to put up my hands to take off my hat for fear of pickpockets. I didn't know this policeman was yelling at me until he came up, took off my hat, threw it in the street, and the crowd began kicking it around."

"Are you an American citizen?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sir, just as good as this policeman," Slene replied.

"Prove it by singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' I want to see if you know it," ordered the court.

The prisoner was able to recite just five lines. Magistrate Brodsky gave him the choice of a five-dollar fine or two days in the Workhouse. Slene explained he had no money.

"Well, you ought to be able to learn 'The Star Spangled Banner' backwards in two days," concluded the magistrate.

New York City. Walter Snow.

A Critical Touchstone

SIR: For the past few weeks, since I am not a devotee of the parlor game of "Ask Me Another," I have gone to the houses of my friends with Mr. Waldo Frank's new game of ABCDEFG, first used, I believe, in connection with the poems of Hart Crane. I invited them to join me in determining infallibly which are the great poets according to this amazing touchstone. We have discovered that the following poets measure up to the highest standard: Keats, Eddie Guest, Paul Valéry, Philippe Soupault, Robert Desnos, Walt Mason, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Malcolm Cowley, Ezra Pound, Catullus, Leopardi, Holderlin and Shakespeare. Both E. E. Cummings and Elinor Wylie, let me add, also achieved a superior percentage, and so did Watts and W. S. Gilbert.

Lest Mr. Frank be moved to reply that we were raw and undisciplined in the application of his method, let me say that a number of those who participated were professional psychologists.

Paris, France. Pierre Loving.

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The Liberty of Prophesying

Cassandra, or The Future of the British Empire, by F. C. S. Schiller. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 92 pages. $1.

Where Is Civilization Going? by Scott Nearing. New York: The Vanguard Press. 110 pages. $.50.

MR. SCHILLER defends his title by an engaging admission that the necessary condition of prophecy, unless it be confined to saying smooth things in Zion and speaking comfortably to Jerusalem, is that it shall be disbelieved. For, if the predictions of the prophet be laid to heart and measures taken to prevent their realization, he becomes, *ipso facto,* a false prophet. Thus the author dons his robes and forecasts the future of the British Empire. The greatness of that world power he attributes to the qualities of its peoples, and to the wisdom of its rulers, shown particularly in two policies—control of the seas of the world and the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe. Both objects were sacrificed by the blunder of the Great War. Although the German fleet was destroyed, another naval power, potentially far greater, was called into existence; and the balance of power in Europe was sacrificed to the hegemony of France. Moreover, the Labor party has arisen, the financial leadership of the world has passed to New York, and the industrial system, spreading to India, China and the Dominions, has cut down the export of British manufactures. Altogether, "the condition of affairs seems thoroughly uncomfortable."

Three specific dangers threaten the future of the Empire. The first is the labor problem. British industry has lost faith in the economic principle that its remuneration depends on its productivity—and "assuming therefore the political methods and wisdom of the day, the Labor Problem must be pronounced entirely insoluble." The second is Britain's European entanglement. British diplomacy, at fault in the War, "failed completely in the making of the peace." Mr. Schiller sees Great Britain saddled with the obligations of maintaining peace in Europe ("poisoned by the toxin of the Peace Treaties") through a grotesque and preposterous League of Nations, and burdened with an additional set of "Security Pacts," to keep France from marching into Germany again on any failure of fulfillment of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles—a right which, nevertheless, she maintains under the Locarno agreement. This is not the only weapon which France holds in her mailed fist, for, as Mr. Schiller reflects gloomily, "from Boulogne to London is an easy hour's flight for a bombing aeroplane." The third danger is the growing centrifugal tendency throughout the Dominions, which have their own industry and trade relations to safeguard, and are little disposed to follow Great Britain in further European adventures.

Mr. Schiller naturally considers the future of the British Empire from a point of view determined by a prejudice in favor of the economic order of which it is the complete and classical expression. This latter fact is so generally recognized that it might have afforded Mr. Schiller grounds for mitigating his pessimistic estimate of the dangers under his second and third heads. In France and even in Germany there is to be noted a tendency to look at the British Empire with the kind of tolerance which used to find expression in regard to the Austrian—that if it did not exist it would be necessary to create it. The prejudice mentioned above colors Mr. Schiller's analysis. For example, in considering the British coal situation, it is upon the workers that he throws the responsibility of maintaining the poorer mines in operation, and he blames the building trades for insisting on the closed shop in the face of the housing shortage after the War. The policy of doles and subsidies he sees playing "the same fatal part as the Corn Dole played in the history of the Roman Empire," without giving a thought to the dreadful alternative. His references to Soviet Russia are always tinged with contempt. One might imagine that wisdom in the crisis he describes would suggest an orderly economic retreat, such as Justice Sankey and Sir Herbert Samuel prescribed for the mining industry, in which property should bear the burden rather than human life; and meanwhile an effort to maintain economic relations with countries under new forms of social organization. Instead, Mr. Schiller, when he divests himself of Cassandra's robes, advocates the rehabilitation of the Empire on American lines, and the exercise of control by economic and financial means. The Dawes scheme "is a foretaste of the coming methods of world control." Like Mr. Wells, Mr. Schiller is impressed by the power of the bankers, "by far the most sensible persons who have influence on the course of affairs at present." It is through their influence and control that "the political unification of the world can be brought about most easily and smoothly, with a minimum of disturbance, violence and friction and with a maximum of peace and prosperity." This desirable consummation [illegible] be furthered by "a policy of closest cooperation with America." "Such coöperation should be easy," continues Mr. Schiller with disarming candor, "for the British business man is by no means unversed in the methods of financial control," and, though America has most of the money, "British finance would in fact have a very considerable share in world-control." In view of the historical complacency of American finance toward Threadneedle Street, we think that Mr. Schiller's hopes are well founded.

Mr. Scott Nearing is perhaps more familiar with the role of Cassandra than Mr. Schiller, and no less ready to accept the inevitable limitations of prophecy. He sees the same phenomena as Mr. Schiller, but with different eyes. Both see a social system shattered by the War, a world seeking economic integration and some sort of political unity, but Mr. Schiller hopes for its attainment through international banking, Mr. Nearing through international labor. To the latter, the "insoluble labor problem" becomes the solution of all social problems. Where Mr. Schiller would cite the sums of international loans from London and New York, Mr. Nearing quotes the figures of organized labor, rising from 12,000,000 in 1910, nine-tenths being in six countries of Europe and the United States, to 36,000,000 in 1924, of which 40 percent came from countries not in the original seven. What to Mr. Schiller is the road to ruin is to Mr. Nearing the way of salvation. He can contemplate with equanimity the catastrophe of the British Empire and of civilization itself, for the essential principle of both is "a system of society, based on class distinctions, organized to permit one class to live, without working, on the labor of another class." Civilization, which has reached its crisis in the British Empire, "keeps the food struggle in the place of first importance in the life of each worker. The result has been that the workers have consumed their energy in merely competing for an opportunity to live." It is they who pay the price—not only the workers of the exploiting powers, but also those of the vast exploited continents. And he submits that the result is not worth it. Instead, he prophesies a human society—a world society replacing local units; a society of a

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single class; a society dominated by science instead of superstition; a society which guarantees its members against individual hardship; a society in which, instead of concentration upon maintenance and destruction, there will be leisure as a common good, for the cultivation of art, thought and human association.

As Mr. Schiller finds his happiest auguries of the future in America and its international bankers, so Mr. Nearing finds them in Russia and its proletarian state. It is possible that both are right, in a measure; that, while the social revolution spreads throughout the continental mass of Europe and Asia, the capitalistic system will continue to draw vitality from the Western continent; that America will become the seat of civilization and its defense against the proletarians, as Byzantium was the seat of later Roman culture and its defense against the barbarians, fragments of the British Empire being held as outposts against invasion, as were Venice or Ravenna. But such speculation is a temptation to prophecy, and the part of Cassandra is one which the New Republic never plays. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Tradition or Progress

Keats, by H. W. Garrod. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 157 pages. 5s.

The Mind of John Keats, by Clarence Dewitt Thorpe. Oxford University Press: American Branch. 209 pages. $2.50.

Keats and Shakespeare, by J. Middleton Murry. Oxford University Press: American Branch. 248 pages. $4.75.

CRITICISM of Keats, in the century since his death, has achieved some important simplifications of the chief issues: if the problems have not yet been solved, they have at least been articulated. It is now obvious that the Keats problem *par excellence* is the problem of the two "Hyperions." It has been approached in various ways. Many critics have taken at its face value the poet's own reason for rejecting the first version—that it contained too many "Miltonic inversions"; while others, following the lead of Lord Houghton and Sir Sidney Colvin, which has an ambiguous authority in Keats' own testimony, have been contented to amplify his dissatisfaction with the aloof inhumanity of the heroic frescoes in the earlier fragment. They have applauded his repudiation of the purer poetical interest for a more humane, less disturbing presentation of the theme, which should provide a commentary upon the ordinary sufferings of mankind. As for the exegesis and evaluation of Keats' text, Dr. Bridges, in his Introduction of the 1894 edition of the poems, discussed the poet's technical indebtedness to Milton and Shakespeare; and Professor Garrod, in the present volume, offers the most acute analysis of the "Odes" that we have: these essays are models of combined scholarship and critical taste. But the larger problem must return all the evidence to the question of Keats' struggle, in the moral sense, with the vicious opposition that inhered in his thought between poetry as an integral art and a poetry of "suffering humanity." The moral pressure of his environment drove him steadily toward the latter.

In connection with the first "Hyperion," after the writing of which this antithesis becomes explicit, it is astonishing that, to this day, the most luminous remark is that of Keats' truculent contemporary, Francis Jeffrey: ". . . . the subject is too far removed from all the sources of human interest to be successfully treated by any modern author."

This judgment has been ignored by later critics. But it is still difficult to refute, particularly in the light of Professor Garrod's description (the first in Keats criticism) of "Hyperion" as the poem of the Revolutionary Idea: "The Revolutionary Idea is neither wholly, nor primarily political. Of the multifarious manifestations of this idea, Keats undertook to write . . . the epic." Lord Jeffrey's remark, it must be remembered, concerned the detached and supernatural first "Hyperion"; had he produced, in similar terms, his judgment of "Hyperion: A Vision," his sense of its failure might have been equally sharp (Jeffrey was no fool), but his reason for the failure would have been different. For the "Vision" definitely includes a poetized account of the "sources of human interest" at the end of the eighteenth century. The "Vision," in short, exhibits a compromise between the awful supernaturalism of the Greek cosmogonic myths and the humanitarian rationalism of the Enlightenment. The idea of purposive change, which is distinctively modern, Keats superimposes upon the ancient world of statically aggregated organisms ruled by caprice. Thus the modern dilemma, Progress or Tradition, appears; and Keats is the first modern poet, in the contemporary meaning of the term.

The dilemma, however, has been sufficiently obscured by the partisans of its more recent horn: the best that has been made of it is that Keats was moving toward a fuller "interpretation of life," which, presumably, he would have achieved, had he lived out the normal span. The confusion was spread by the authority of Matthew Arnold, yet Arnold, as Mr. Middleton Murry points out, mysteriously concluded his essay by saying that Keats, the incompleteness of his most ambitious work notwithstanding, "is with Shakespeare." The imputed relation to Shakespeare is gratifying to Mr. Murry, and has meaning, in his analysis of it, but it remains incomprehensible in Arnold's context. It is, moreover, unintelligible by the side of Arnold's judgment of the English Romantics as a whole—that they did not "know enough." What Arnold meant by this is still uncertain. But it is clear that the charge could not, by inference, include Shakespeare, unless Arnold took Wordsworth to be the type of perfect poet. If the poet, in order to "know enough," must deploy an explicit philosophical doctrine external to the poetry and seldom fusing with it, then Wordsworth was amply informed. Wordsworth, it is true, combated "eighteenth-centuryism," but he did it by means of a moral system which, from the point of view of poetry, was identical with the eighteenth century philosophies he opposed. Critics have puzzled their heads with Keats' incapacity for systematic philosophy, and a book like Professor Thorpe's "The Mind of John Keats" has its own way of perpetuating Arnold's muddle. Professor Thorpe tries to present Keats with a system which, as it is mirrored in Professor Thorpe's mind, becomes a kind of diffuse gibberish of mixed esthetic and moralism. Arnold, wrong-headed as he was, simply knew that no system was there.

Keats' "philosophy" is to be found, if it is to be found anywhere, in the specific problems which confronted him as a poet. The attempt to isolate it from the living terms in which these problems presented themselves to Keats is a breach of philosophical tact. Critics persist in looking for something the properties of which, for a lack of logical discipline in themselves, they do not understand. "The mind of John Keats" is a purely rhetorical problem; it has no reality. Once and for all, it may be put into the record: if Keats can be adjudicated profound only through a technical mastery on his part of, say, the psychology of Hartley or the metaphysics of Berkeley, then Hartley and Berkeley, in their turn, are shallow, not within their own dimensions,

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but because they neglected to write each his "Ode to a Nightingale." The excellences in the two hierarchies of intelligence are mutually exclusive.

Although Mr. Murry promises at the outset of his study to yield us the "real" knowledge as distinguished from the merely "profound," he luckily fails in the attempt. What concerns us in his book is his loyalty to Keats' intention as a poet—a loyalty which must be separated from Mr. Murry's wish to gather all great poetry into the Romantic movement; this he does in his somewhat obscure interpretation of Keats' idea of Negative Capability, or "wise passivity"; in Mr. Murry's hands, the idea merges with the Romantic faith in instinct as opposed to reason. Nevertheless, from Mr. Murry and Professor Garrod, one gets a clue to the meaning of Arnold's dogma concerning the Romantics: it is clear that Keats' defect in knowledge consisted (not as Arnold and Professor Thorpe suppose it to consist, but quite the contrary) in his failure to sustain a rational indifference to the humanitarian ideas of the age. Far from knowing too little, he knew too much. The conflict between "sensation" and "thought," which racked him all through his brief career, turns out to be an instinctive and thus not wholly successful resistance—as the "Vision" shows—against the implications of the Revolutionary Idea. The intellectual issue which tortured Keats to the end was pure poetry versus the metaphysical presumptions of eighteenth century radicalism.

Mr. Murry's case made out for the mystical union of the souls of Keats and Shakespeare remains his own private affair. But the underlying portrait of Keats trying to protect his artistic integrity, in the face of the humanitarian-mechanistic opinion of the eighteenth century, is another thing altogether. For the purposes of rational criticism, Keats' devotion to Shakespeare is the symbol of a devotion to the deeper and purer mines of poetry to which, in the midst of a degraded specie, he tried to return. The first great crisis—it is probable that we are now involved in the second—of English poetry had been reached. Peacock and the utilitarians attacked it; Shelley defended it; Coleridge and Wordsworth betrayed it in their old age. The fact of immense significance is that no one took it for granted. The focus to which this situation came in the verse of Keats constitutes him the type of modern poet. If, since his time, no other English poet has smelted out again the form and quality of the great "Odes"—the most perfectly assembled representation of the English impulse after Shakespeare—the explanation may not be far to seek. The regression to a poetic world, either in time or in character, becomes precarious; it may now require an even greater original purity in the poet than it did in Keats' period. At any rate, the poetic world of tradition is "too far removed from the sources of human interest" at the moment to be available to poets: our sources of human interest are exclusively, in one sense or another, implicated in the idea of Progress. For it is obvious that the prevailing temper of poetry since Keats—the Romantic temper—resorts to greater and greater violence of attitude, and greater and greater attenuation of form, in the effort to regain its heritage. "Hyperion: A Vision" may claim, in addition to the frustrate beauties of its composition, the equivocal distinction of being the first notable compromise of the modern spirit in English. Had Keats lived, he might have realized the claims of his posterity, not, perhaps, as his posterity seems to have wished, in an "interpretation" of the social opinion of his age, but in a return to the first "Hyperion" and, through it, as Mr. Murry would like to believe, to Shakespeare.

ALLEN TATE.

Huxley and Huxley

Essays in Popular Science, by Julian Huxley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 316 pages. $4.

A NEW YORK TIMES reviewer whom Mr. Knopf quotes on the back of the present jacket has described Professor Huxley as "a refined biologist with a deep philosophic trend of thought." What his friends will make of this I do not know. I confess that I am puzzled by it. Mr. Huxley does, of course, use the English language as one to the manner born. His style is not, perhaps, quite so "refined" as his younger brother's; but it is always adroit as well as clear and forceful—qualities we have learned not to expect of scientists.

But to be deeply philosophic, thoughts must be more than forcefully expressed. Perhaps this phrase refers to a certain romantic vein in the thought of Professor Julian which would surprise those who are more familiar with the ironies of Aldous. The biologist is neither cynical nor pessimistic. Science is potent and all's right with the world. "At present," he says of the latest things in heredity,

> we do not know how to produce mutations; but the belief that we shall eventually be able to do so underlies our work, and once we have discovered the way, our knowledge of the laws of heredity will enable us to build up improved races of animals and plants as easily as the chemist now builds up every sort and kind of substance in his laboratory.

Of evolution he believes not only that it gives to man the assurance for which he has been searching through all recorded history; it has even given him

> the assurance that there exists outside of himself a "power that makes for righteousness"; that he is striving in the same direction as the blind evolutionary forces which were moulding his planet æons before his appearance; that his task is not to oppose, but to crown the natural order; to transform it to a better, not by taking a new direction, but by accelerating and intensifying the old.

This is what Professor Otto Glaser once called "a cosmic honeymoon."

Perhaps we should make a special note of the appearance in these lines of a significant phrase of the writer's other famous grandfather, the poet Matthew Arnold, and attribute to the mixing of these strains—of poetry and science—the grandson's disposition to shrink from the harsher forms of scientific agnosticism, and even to wish to mitigate somewhat the effects of Thomas Henry Huxley's stalwart doubt. At all events, the present volume contains an essay on "Huxley and Religion" which attempts to do precisely that. "The truth is," says Julian, "that Huxley was essentially and deeply religious; but that this really obvious fact was completely masked for the average man of his day by his onslaughts on what the average man imagined an integral part of his religion, but Huxley regarded as a dead-weight, an obstruction to any true religion." But such terms as these are excessively ambiguous. No doubt Huxley was deeply and essentially religious in some sense or other. All of us are. Nevertheless, as Huxley himself wrote of another great agnostic, the philosopher Hume, "Such being the total of Hume's conclusions it cannot be said that his theological burden is a heavy one"; while if

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we turn from the few and cautious affirmations to the many doubts, "the story of what happened to the ass laden with salt, who took to the water, irresistibly suggests itself. Hume's theism, such as it is, dissolves away in the dialectical river, until nothing is left but the verbal sack in which it was contained." This, in spite of the pious ministrations of his grandson, is probably a fair statement of the case of the elder Huxley.

Whether it is or not is not so important now as the fact that the grandfather should be agnostic and the grandson apologetic; the nineteenth century scientist is a skeptic, the twentieth century scientist an optimist. This may be an effect of mixed heredity; but I incline to attribute it to changing times. Such, I think, is the "message" of contemporary science: that—in some sense—God's in His heaven. In what sense? To find out, we had better read our scientists, and none is more lucid than Professor Julian Huxley. Like Huxley the elder, he has the rare faculty of charging even the physiology of tadpoles—a matter to which more than a third of the present volume is devoted—with a vividly dramatic interest; and, like Huxley the elder, he is in addition a faithful and sensitive interpreter of the spirit of science. For all this, the two are remarkably unlike. Julian is not re-interpreting the ideas of his forebears; he is rendering afresh the meaning of a science which has mysteriously and significantly changed.

C. E. AYRES.

Art Criticism and Chauvinism

A Short History of Art, by André S. Blum and R. R. Tatlock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.

Art Epochs and Their Leaders, by Oscar Hagen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

From Giotto to John, by Newton Wethered. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

EACH of these books purports in its way to be a history of art. Of the three, that written by M. Blum and edited by Mr. Tatlock is the most orthodox, in that theirs was the arduous but not novel task of assembling a great number of facts and presenting them concisely. In this aim M. Blum has written more fully than his countryman, M. Reinach, who skimped, but far less notably than M. Michel, whose monumental work is still to be translated. Mr. Tatlock prefaces the volume with a defense of the institution of the one-volume history of art, but the fact remains that the genre is sterile. Whom does it serve, other than the college student cramming for examination? It is enough, Mr. Tatlock believes, for the general reader "to know that Rembrandt was a great artist"; yet the statement in itself is nothing, and two pages of dates, titles, and a reference to chiaroscuro are superfluous to one who already knows anything about Rembrandt, and insufficient for one who does not. With disarming frankness, Mr. Tatlock further avows that the art historian should not be "quite up to date," leaving controversial matters to the specialist. If this be so, then better omit entirely any reference to the modern movement. To dismiss even a non-combatant like Sargent with a single sentence to the effect that he is a product of Impressionism via Whistler is to be unfair. At least (with apologies to Whistler) why not drag in Velasquez? And to greater names the injury is greater.

If M. Blum and Mr. Tatlock have given us the dry bones of art, Professor Hagen, at any rate, has made an effort to cover the skeleton with muscle and to reconstruct the movements which have brought us to our present position. To this end he has attempted a synthesis of epochs through analysis of their great spokesmen in the arts. Styles and schools are not like decorations on a Christmas tree, but the natural flowering of the social organism. The search for the connection between art and the times leads to interesting, if not always accurate conclusions; for, as Roger Fry has wittily demonstrated in "Vision and Design," "the correspondence between art and life which we so habitually assume is not at all constant and requires much correction before it can be trusted." Professor Hagen has singled out for analysis certain leaders whom he considers symbolic of their epochs. Thus Mantegna and Correggio stand for the Renaissance, with the "discovery of reality" as their contribution; Michelangelo sets forth for the Cinquecento the conflict between order and chaos in form; Dürer epitomizes the essentially Gothic aspiration toward the infinite; Rembrandt sums up the many-sidedness of the Baroque age. These movements lead to a return to nature in the early nineteenth century, and that in turn to the rich developments since Impressionism. The achievement of the last half century Professor Hagen terms the Climax, and from this little island in time he surveys the past.

Such a position is insular, but at least the terrain is of the imagination and the mind. Mr. Wethered, on the other hand, is loyal to a more easily recognizable island: England. His book is subtitled "The Development of Painting," but after a few casual remarks about medieval fresco and Byzantine mosaic, he takes to a winding road whose landmarks are almost exclusively British. Reynolds, Turner, Blake, Augustus John are among the milestones, though none of them can be said to mark the highway of artistic progress. Mr. Wethered's road appears to have been chauvinistically, rather than critically, chosen.

ROSE MARY FISCHKIN.

More Magisterial History

A History of the People of the United States during Lincoln's Administration, by John Bach McMaster. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 693 pages. $5.

MR. McMASTER sees it through—from the Revolution to the end of the Civil War, this new volume, the ninth portly tome, carrying the text from 1861 to 1865. In all, there are twenty-six chapters. Here are the titles: the appeal to arms, the great uprising, border states and territories, Bull Run, the British view, the coast blockade, the Confederate commissioners, the North feels the war, victories, defeats, emancipation, the South seeks recognition, blockade runners, distress in the South, British and French neutrality, Pennsylvania invaded, conscripts and volunteers, the grand advance, conditions in the South, Atlanta to the sea, Lincoln or McClellan, raids from Canada, the prosperous North, the last stand, end of the Confederacy, and the aftermath. It is evident that they deal with familiar themes, offering no new thesis, emphasis, or interpretation. Of the twenty-six, only three or four may be said to treat of social and economic affairs not immediately connected with the war and its politics. In short, this is another political and military history, done in Mr. McMaster's unique style, with the same reliance on original sources and newspapers for data. Unlike Mr. Channing, his great contemporary, he does not make extensive use of monographs and special studies by other scholars, or at least does not often cite them; a slight reference to A. B. Moore's noteworthy book on conscription in the Confederacy proves an interesting exception to the rule.

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With painstaking thoroughness, our author works in primary materials. His methods and his style are substantially unchanged, and the readers already acquainted with his previous volumes will need no instruction on these points. The calm and dry dignity which we have been taught to expect are here. Into these pages, hundreds of new details are poured with a steady hand, illuminating and interesting details, but the gross impression of the period gathered from reading the other standard histories of the time written in the North is not substantially altered. With respect to the fundamental social transformation of the Civil War, we stand just where we stood before. If Mr. McMaster has paid any attention to the writings of men like William E. Dodd, E. M. Coulter, Owsley, A. B. Moore, and other scholars of the new Southern generation, he does not take them seriously. Of course, that is his right. By departing, years ago, from the traditional political history, by a life of devoted labor, by sincere scholarship, Mr. McMaster has earned the magisterial privilege of ignoring the youngsters and going his own way serene and undisturbed.

Having once ventured to quarrel with the late Mr. James Ford Rhodes for giving more space to an operation on President Cleveland's jaw than to the rise and growth of the American Federation of Labor, and having thereby grievously wounded a gentleman for whom I always had the deepest respect, I shall refrain from obtruding my views of the Civil War upon the reader in this brief survey of Mr. McMaster's volume. The older I grow, the more I am impressed by Buckle's opinion to the effect that there is something in History, but grave difficulties lie in the way of discovering what it is. Mr. McMaster has not chosen to apply his rich and fertile mind to the metaphysics of his subject, but he has written a work which will command the esteem of scholars as long as the American Historical Association continues to endure. CHARLES A. BEARD.

Fiction Notes

Black April, by Julia Peterkin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

BLACK April" derives from the source tapped by anthologists of Negro spirituals; its charm is akin to the melodic ecstasies of "Go Down Moses" and "Deep River." Recording the loves, lusts and jealousies of the Negro population of a South Carolina plantation, Mrs. Peterkin disdains the easy popularity to be won by sensationally playing off the white race against the black. Thus she proves her artistry. But she tells too much of the story from the vantage-point of an outsider, tabulating quaint or gruesome folk-ways for the sake of their picturesqueness, reporting conversation for the sake of amusing, idiomatic tricks of Negro speech. While Big Sue, Maum Hannah, Black April, and a throng of other characters seem to move in a fascinating panorama of primitive life always controlled by Mrs. Peterkin, the reader loses a sense of the author's directorship whenever "Li'l' Breeze" enters. Then, to Mrs. Peterkin's greater credit, the passing show is viewed through the eyes of a sensitive, pathetic child. J. R.

Pa: the Head of the Family, by Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

PA" is an unrelieved study of meanness and petty cruelty in a lonely farming district. It is primarily the tale of Mattie Barnet, waspish, slightly deformed, and haunted by the prospective bitterness of being an old maid. She is deserted on her wedding day when a reluctant suitor learns that "Pa" does not propose to endow his granddaughter with any land. Finally, by a process of sordid bribery, the family persuades a Swedish farm-hand to marry Mattie. There is undoubtedly clever and pitiless character drawing in this novel, combined with a perception of the minute, grating incidents which often make family life unendurable. But the fine imagination which illuminates the work of Sherwood Anderson is lacking, and one is tempted, at the end, to call "Pa" a faithful piece of photography, well executed but limited and sterile. E. H. W.

Idle Hands, by Janet A. Fairbank. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

THESE stories are very uneven. The material placed in the furnace of the imagination is usually original and good, but the temperature at which the material has been fused into stories varies greatly, and sometimes it is discouragingly low. In every story there are touches, bits of observation, isolated phrases for which the story itself is too often a flimsy and unworthy home. One or two of the stories have no business to appear in book form at all. Two or three others are the hasty elaboration, illuminated with occasional moments of real brilliance, of a clever idea for a short story. One of them, "The Thin Red Line," is so far superior to all the rest, so much more humanly, richly, plausibly ripened, as to put its companions in a very sad light indeed. Mrs. Fairbank can be wise and witty; it is sad to see her so much more often smart and glib. It is good fun, of course, to skate quickly over rather thin ice, and arrive safely, breathlessly on the other side. But merely to avoid putting one's foot through and getting drowned is not the only mark of a good skater. If Mrs. Fairbank's next stories are aged a little more in the wood of the mind, they should be very able and readable work. R. L.

Brother Saul, by Donn Byrne. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

ONE might reasonably ask why Donn Byrne should abandon his consciously poetized tales of Ireland in order to write a fictional biography of the life of Saint Paul. It seems a fair answer that, with his love for jeweled prose, he longed to describe the ancient cities of the East, the tinkling bells of caravans, jewel merchants and wine merchants, Syrian dancing girls in their grape-purple dresses, and the magic of Tarsus as seen from a roof top on starry nights. Being an artist in words, Donn Byrne has achieved this end, but he has failed to contribute anything notable to the biblical story. He has contrived an elaborate stage set, yet his characters are wooden. It is true that Mr. Byrne has not been supinely content with the old interpretation of the story, but his restatements are so much less dramatic and moving than the original that one questions their value. One thing Mr. Byrne has certainly done. He has presented a forceful contrast between Paul, with his ideal that the new religion should be spread over all the world, and the more provincial Peter, who wished to confine Christianity to the Jewish race. The elements in Paul, however, which gave him this wider vision remain unexplained, as does the whole fiery force of his genius. One learns of Saul's casuistry in the synagogue, of his arrogance as "the terrible wolf of the Sanhedrin," but Mr. Byrne lacks the power to illumine that crucial transformation into Paul the Apostle. It is a hard task to better the stark sim-

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plicity of the Bible, and it is especially hard for a writer who, even when engaged on so noble a theme, is perpetually lured into the pitfalls of pretty writing.

E. H. W.

The Malletts, by E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

WHEN Miss Young came upon the American scene last year with "William," it was generally agreed that we had a new novelist of unusual gifts. William and his family were extraordinarily fresh, charming and true. The Malletts are another family said to inhabit the same delightful little city of Radstowe, but they live in a different world—the world of fiction. They appear with a certain reality which suggests portraiture, which is belied by the story. Nevertheless, we do not lose faith in Miss Young's gifts of imagination and workmanship—except that of self-criticism.

R. M. L.

Flower Phantoms, by Ronald Fraser. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

TO paraphrase the theme of Ronald Fraser's "Flower Phantoms" is a destructive operation; the book is tissued of sheerest fantasy, of sense impressions so diaphanous that analysis only breaks down its exquisite pattern into a tangle of seemingly mad situations. Judith, a young botanist, gives herself up to a state of self-hypnosis, while working in the vast plant-houses of Kew Gardens, and experiences an amour with a phantom emanating from an orchid. As a climax to her encounters with the ghostly efflux of tropical vegetation, she feels her body change into a flower, "at last to suffer the entry of a messenger, and resign all dreaming to the will of a remorseless particle." The odd story resolves upon a note of sanity when she integrates her two realms of consciousness. In "Flower Phantoms," Mr. Fraser evokes the perilously rarefied atmosphere of occultism, but even the most literal-minded reader will grant that he writes of mystical adventures with rare persuasive beauty.

J. R.

Contributors

THOMAS F. MILLARD, formerly correspondent in China of the New York Times and later of the New York World, is the author of "America and the Far Eastern Question," "Conflict of Policies in Asia," and other books.

H. J. KRIER, as his article indicates, watched at first hand the present and several previous floods on the Mississippi. His post of observation is the town of Marked Tree, Arkansas.

W. B. YEATS, the Irish poet and playwright, is the author of many books of poems and plays. His collected "Autobiographies" has recently been published by Macmillan.

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CHARLES A. BEARD is the author, with Mary R. Beard, of "The Rise of American Civilization." Other books of his are "American Government and Politics," and "The Economic Basis of Politics."

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